

the man's home companion!

75¢  
[AADC]

ADULT READING

# Adam

VOL. 11 NO. 7

**"ANOTHER  
JOHN WAYNE  
MOVIE"**

**AN UNDERCOVER  
LOOK AT BEDS  
BUILT FOR LOVEMAKING**

**Bold - Beautiful  
FULL COLOR  
First time ever!**

**PLUS MORE PAGES,  
MORE GIRLS, MORE  
OF EVERYTHING!**

2

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*Hillier Van Dyle is an interior designer. Turn to page 96 to see how Hillier decorates rooms with herself*

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## BOOKS:

### "A pimp is the loneliest bastard in the world."

**PIMP: THE STORY OF MY LIFE**  
by Iceberg Slim, Holloway House,  
95c.

Two well-known books which stand out clearly as having prostitution as their subject matter are *A House Is Not A Home* by Polly Adler and *The Passion Flower Hotel* by Rosalind Erskine. The first is a sometimes amusing but actual account of the life of an honest-to-God madame, and the second is a hilariously funny novel of a teenage girl who turns her English boarding school into a bordello.

Both these books deal lightly with prostitution, and their popularity is based upon the aside chuckle which often accompanies illicit sex. Neither goes into the rigors of the fallen woman, a theme mostly relegated to the short story or article medium, and neither gives away much about the financial rewards of the world's oldest profession.

But of course the American cat-house has become part of American lore, as differentiated from red light districts in more liberal countries elsewhere. The attendant troubles with local law enforcement agencies, problems with encroaching slum-dwelling removal programs and the rest of it are all too regularly depicted in a variety of magazines and books. We really know all we need to know about the American madame and probably more than we want to know about her infamous hirelings.

Most treatises on prostitution avoid emphasis on the pimp, defined by the new unabridged *Random House Dictionary* as "a man who solicits customers for a prostitute or a brothel," and he is invariably portrayed as a seedy looking and pitiable character hustling prospective scores on a trafficked, primordial, swinging downtown thoroughfare. Holloway House has achieved something of a first in this

respect, and *Pimp: The Story of My Life* by Iceberg Slim fills the gap, not necessarily nicely, but undeniably accurately.

With apologies to the editors at Random House, Iceberg Slim would likely define the word "pimp" differently, and he should know. As a pimp Iceberg collected a stable of whores who hustled themselves on the street and gave him all the proceeds from their efforts—to be rationed out as he saw fit.

Let me say, before the racket is suddenly overcrowded, that having read this story of a guy who got into the business and made a bundle doing it, there are serious drawbacks. Not the least of them is the changing American scene where the girl next door is a formidable competitor to the lustiest professional. And more important there isn't much in it for the pimp except money, which the author readily admits.

Iceberg begins his pimping career in the late Thirties at 19 when he meets "Sweet," a tough, hard, successful pimp in Chicago. "Sweet" tells Iceberg, "You got the hate to be a pimp." And he goes on to give a thorough rundown on how to meet, cap (acquire) and eventually hold a stable of whores.

"Never get friendly and confide in your whores. You got twenty whores, don't forget your thoughts are secret. A good pimp is always alone. You gotta always be a puzzle, a mystery to them. That's how you hold a whore. Don't get sour. Tell them something new and confusing every day. You can hold 'em as long as you can do it."

"A pimp is the loneliest bastard on earth. He's gotta know his whores. He can't let them know him. He's gotta be God all the way."

And Iceberg gets his stable and, in a surprisingly short time, becomes renowned in pimping circles. Two of his "bottom" (trustworthy second in com-

mand) whores are memorable. The first is the "runt," his first whore who starts him on his way to the top buck and later has a chance to knife him in the back, and takes it. The other is Rachel, his "bottom" whore during his prime, who leads his stable and sticks with him until he is jailed (on another charge entirely).

The most fascinating aspect of *Pimp* is the emergent relationship between Iceberg and his whores. It is a strange one, yet sexual. His stable treats him with adulation on the one hand and wariness on the other. He puts together a "family" by playing the role of an ungodly Freudian father figure. He does exactly what "Sweet" told him to: He holds his whores.

Iceberg coms them emotionally and psychologically (since they supply the money, cash isn't the pimp's answer). Once having aroused a whore sensually, he keeps his "foot in her asshole" and never lets her "Georgia" him (get sex without paying for it). Pot or heroin doled out carefully also helps control his hooked hookers. But most of all his "Big Daddy" role, utilizing brute force, sex and a sharp, sadistic cunning keeps them in line, eager to "hump" and bring home their "scratch."

And a whore working the streets has to have a pimp. Not only does he offer her a certain amount of protection on the street itself and is around to bail her out of jail, but he is a psychological cornerstone for her to build rationalizations for her prostitution. Giving her pimp "scratch" is a street whore's sole reason for hustling.

But at the same time the pimp must always be on his guard. One mistake and he can lose his stable or "bottom" whore in a flash. Part of Iceberg Slim's success was based on the background for his nickname Iceberg, earned for his icy calm in sticky situations.

Iceberg's pimping career runs chronologically through the late Thirties, the Forties and into the early Fifties. He writes his story in the vernacular of the street. (There is a handy glossary at the end of the book which, as usual, helps most if read first.) The pace of his biography is hard and fast, intriguing and sometimes compelling. It is an honest story; nothing is left unsaid, no matter how brutal, how intimate, how revealing.

This is not a book to read while chuckling about the vicissitudes of human foibles. It is very much a book to be read to catch a glimpse of some down-to-earth, straightforward crime inherent in the the human condition.

—Bob Blackburn



**NEWCASTLE  
COMBUSTIBLE**



**WOULD YOU** believe torrid Martine (whose likenesses enkindle these and more pages following) is a real live honest-to-God champion? She is, as a matter of fact, at dart throwing. Last year she won the annual dart game rally in Newcastle, England, her home town.

Martine picked up on the game when she found her favorite method of cooling down was a pint draught of English beer at her pub around the corner. It was a likely follow-up for some happy male regulars to begin teaching her how to toss darts, and they soon found to their delight they had sparked an ascendible talent.

Convivial and friendly, Martine throws herself into all of her occupations with considerable verve. She is also an expert horsewoman and likes long distance rides through the English countryside on narrow green country lanes.

And it was in the country where Martine first was introduced to modeling. A Newcastle firm used her to photograph their riding habits on horseback.



**Martine comes down  
from Newcastle to  
set London ablaze with her talents**





**One of London's hottest new models,  
Martine likes extra-short mini-skirts**

Newcastle is where Martine's home fires still burn brightly, but for the past six months or so she has been igniting London modeling circles with all her incendiary charms.

Standing only a percolating five feet high, Martine still manages to perpetrate a bounding 39-25-37 frame on which all kinds of wildly mod costumes come off well indeed. She likes best of all Carnaby Street mini-skirts which she hikes up even shorter than usual.

Martine prefers to work in London town, not only because it is now the newest and hottest fashion center in the world, but also because on her assignments she is able to explore many ancient buildings which are often used as backgrounds for the popular new styles. 🌻





Eddie never had anyone in his life like Karen Sue, but he had to leave her—he had to leave her now

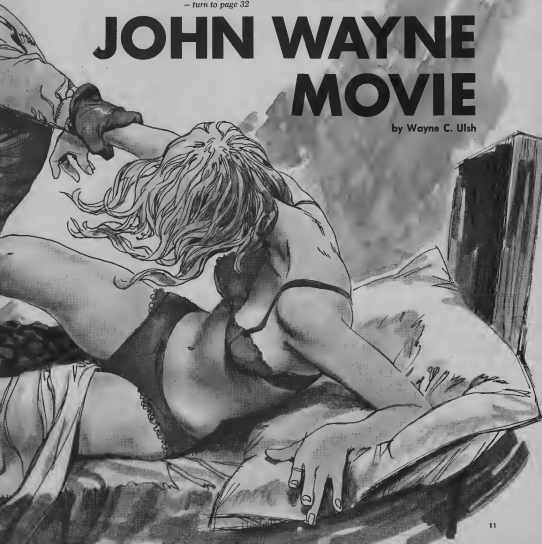
**H**e had to leave. He did not want to, but when Karen Sue came out of the bathroom he would tell her. And then he would go. In the meantime, Eddie Platt would finish the pint of Carstairs, have a cigarette and watch the John Wayne movie on television. He felt good lying there in his shorts, too good, and that worried him.

He had gotten drunk, eaten a good meal, made love to a girl and slept for ten hours beside

— turn to page 32

# ANOTHER JOHN WAYNE MOVIE

by Wayne C. Ulsh



# In Bed We Laugh, In Bed We Cry

by Gillian Dow

*Fun in a bed is due to more than its design*

My late uncle who was both a sagacious and loquacious man was inclined toward rhetoric from his southern heritage and his early training for the Episcopal clergy (a role he abandoned when he matured into a full appreciation and taste for many mundane pleasures in which he indulged himself—good food, fine liquor, beautiful women and fast horses, to mention but a few). Upon buying his favorite nephew a baroque nuptial bed for a wedding present, he observed:

"A man spends, and is encouraged to spend both by his doctors and his philosophical mentor, at least one third of his life in bed. Therefore, I contend his bed should be his most treasured and valuable worldly possession."

Winking slyly, he made no further comment upon the hours other than the use of the legitimate "eight hours" designated for sleep, that a man might spend in bed.

That his logic was sound in the selection of his gift of an enormous, historically famous bed, which cost more than most of the young couple's household furnishings, was attested to by the survival of the marriage, happily, in an era spectacular with the

sadness of divorce.

The role of the bed in our American culture is rather interesting in view of the fact that one of our founding fathers, Benjamin Franklin, instructed the ambitious young American male "Early to bed, early to rise..." promising in reward, health, wealth and wisdom. The logic of this aphorism by the man who established most of our middle-class mores is somewhat questionable when one inspects the "sleeping" habits of many of America's most eminently successful citizens—Thomas A. Edison, for example, never slept more than five hours a night, and quite possibly might have come upon his discovery of the electric light, the invention which made his vast fortune, to compensate for the sun's persistent disappearance.

The bed in which we are born, the bed in which we laugh, in which we cry and, unless killed accidentally, in which we die, is too often, today, not accorded the value placed upon it by my libertine uncle. It is quite often the least attractive, least expensive piece of furniture in the home and has, in many instances, even been desecrated by being incorporated into other articles of furniture—notably the chair or sofa. And at one point even swung

—turn the page



out of a door!

It was this in-a-door bed that inspired the delightful story popular among theatre folk about a little obscure vaudevillian and his partner wife, who finally attained their lifelong dream of "playing the Palace." To celebrate the event he took his wife to bed in the Astor, where due to a sales convention the couple was relegated to a "sample" room where the bed was concealed in the closet (so an eager salesman could upon moment's notice hide away the bed and display his wares to a prospective customer).

Disappointed, but undismayed, the actor reasoned that the hotel was, nevertheless, the Astor, and he proceeded to impose his romantic ardor upon his happy wife. As the story goes, the rollaway bed became so carried away with the actor's appreciation of its worth that he did, in fact, roll away—onto the elevator and into the lobby, where the two troupers completed their performance oblivious to the presence of the most interested and enthusiastic audience they had ever encountered.

Contrast entering such a dismal structure, whether for pleasure or for sleep, with the truly romantic bed which Balzac described as "love's theatre."

Fortunately, modern man has been

emancipated from St. Augustine's early Christian belief that "Copulation was the Evil, whether committed in the brothel, or in the marriage bed." He can be grateful for his release to the psychologists Freud, Jung and Adler; anthropologists Frazer, Haddon, Geoffrey Gorer and Margaret Mead; and to sociologists Havelock Ellis, Kraftt-Ebbing, Bloch, Kinsey and E. J. Dingwall. And two creative writers of the twenties, D. H. Lawrence and Aldous Huxley shocked the hypocrites into facing the "facts of life" and accepting the existence of sexual enjoyment in the bridal bed, or in the bed ordained for unwedded bliss.

Yet, it should be noted that simultaneously with this acceptance, man's bed was relegated to an inferior role, and the pleasures intended for the bed were too often performed on a sofa, the floor, and quite often (as in the thirties) on the back seat of an automobile. Such inadequate stages for sexual joy, caused one wit to observe that marriage was the deep peace of the double bed after the hurly-burly of the *chaîne lounge*!

It is almost axiomatic today that the man, who is most ardently in hot pursuit of "laying a broad," usually offers the least attractive, not to mention least comfortable, receptacle in which the performance is to take place. Many

of the most elaborately furnished bachelor apartments possess the crummiest beds for either sleeping or sex. The only one of the aforementioned beds that has improved with time is the bed which is now conveniently found in the modern automobile. It affords lovers in a sudden outburst of passion, fewer maneuvers and body contortions.

It was also about this time that the twin bed reached its peak of popularity—an invention which had caused no less a man than Napoleon III to note that "twin beds are a menace to conjugal happiness and should be resorted to only by couples who have been married for at least twenty years, and who suffer from catarrh." The presence of twin beds in the American home was in some ways a tribute to Hollywood where censorship prevailed, and although sex (even between two married people) could be intimated, the actual filming of a man and woman in bed together was prohibited until very recently. Since the movies showed the public's idols enjoying the conjugal bliss of the two beds separated by a table and reading lamp, Mr. and Mrs. Public presumed this to be the ideal manner of bedding in modern times.

Perhaps one of the most notorious beds was an eighteenth century model, which, if it was a "love theatre," was one in which there must have been many performances of comedy as well as tragedy. This bed was James Graham's famous Celestial Bed in the Temple of Health, which after a beginning in the Royal Terrace, Adelphi, London, was removed to Schomberg House, Pall Mall, as the Temple of Health and Hymen.

James Graham was an astonishing quack and one of the first electrotherapists. The virtuous properties of electricity were only just beginning to be known and the queues of patients waited at his room for the privileges of sitting on his "magnetic throne" or laying in an "electric bath." Graham's "Lectures on Generation" were monologues in which he spewed forth some sound advice on personal hygiene, interlarded with obscenities. He advocated mud baths and open windows, and he dispersed bottles of his "aetherial balsam" that guaranteed fertility in bed. If this balsam did not promote a successful conception and lead to the production of the loveliest of children, Graham placed at the disposal of his clients, the wonder of wonders, the innermost mystery of the Temple of Health. This was his Celestial Bed, guaranteed to cure sterility!

— turn to page 20



"Don't make the same mistake I did and get on the wrong side of him."

Pacific bluffs  
slide  
into the ocean,  
houses  
are condemned,  
and ADAM  
goes to a ...

# NUDE PARTY







The tempo of the nude blast was slow at first until the atmosphere warmed

WHEN SPRING rains fall in Southern California, the muddy hills along the beach become slides into the ocean, often sliding houses along, too. The owner of one of the condemned houses decided to throw a bash to end all bashes before he moved out.

ADAM went along to the party which was a gathering of the Dracula Sucks Society and the Lenny Bruce Appreciation Club meeting together in joyous communion — all of the members happy, high and nude.



After a bit everyone got out of the swing of it



Time passed and candles revealed more and more

The house was brightened up with old movie props, hippie movie posters and thin cloth hangings in bright psychedelic colors. Then it was dimmed by using only a few softly glowing candles.

Both clubs are made up of groups believing in nudism, mental and physical health, complete freedom of mind, spirit and body. They promised that they would join again soon for another party. ☼





As the night wore on clean and fresh Pacific breezes caressed bare flesh

As a result of his claims, Graham received amazing publicity, and the Temple of Health became the most discussed attraction in London.

"The bed was in the center of a spacious room pervaded always by rich scents and perfumes and in which could be heard soft music from a string orchestra in an adjoining room. It was supported on six massive, glass pillars and bedecked with blue satin. The slightest movements made it oscillate rhythmically, and there ran through it electrical currents varying in intensity with the movements of the bed. This magnificent device was at the disposal of any lady and gentleman, preferably married. The price for one night in bed (with breakfast) was fifty guineas." In 1784, that was approximately \$275.00.

With increasing publicity such as being guyed in the popular play of the day, "Genius of Nonsense," the fee for one night spent in the celestial bed soared to five hundred guineas. A male midwife, who had to attend to elderly ladies completely shattered by a night in the bed, described the Temple as an "offensive absurdity and obscenity thinly veiled by hocus-pocus, dim lights and soft music." He objected, among other things, to the slow dances of half-naked wenches, notably one Emma Lyon, late a servant maid in the house of a Dr. Budd. "Emma

Lyon" became "Emily Hart" when she went to to live with Charles Greville who had to cede her to his uncle, Sir William Hamilton, in return for the payment of his debts. Some years later, she became Lady Hamilton.

Graham was a shrewd investor and he reaped enormous dividends. Anyone who had not slept in the bed was regarded by the world of fashion with the gravest of suspicions.

This Celestial Bed of fame was possibly the forerunner of such similar beds found today in hotels and motels, health spas and some homes. It might also be regarded as an ancestor of the modern bed that has been "bugged" by the suspicious mate in order to obtain incriminating evidence of infidelity. One of these beds had to be activated by a bugging device concealed in the mattress which would alert the jealous husband when one hundred and fifty pounds fell upon the bed. The suspicious husband's wife weighed one hundred and twenty-eight pounds and her favorite poodle, which was accustomed to enjoying the luxury of his mistress' bed, weighed an additional eleven and one half pounds, but further weight was a confirmation of the husband's dread fears and tortures inflicted by the green-eyed goddess.

One of the earliest beds in America to have historical recognition was the

"bundling bed," an expedient solution to the early poverty of the colonies. During a cold winter's night lovers could hardly court out of doors, neither could parents afford to keep the home fires burning, so to avoid discomfort and constraint, the older folk went off to bed early, leaving the courting couple to find warmth openly in the girl's bed: Washington Irving recognized "bundling" as a sagacious form of courtship. As a result "cunning and ingenious people" won better matrimonial bargains by more intimacy with their future mates — in short, there was less chance of buying a pig in a poke.

But Irving's spokesman, Diedrich Knickerbocker, in his *History of New York*, attributes the unparalleled increase in the Yankee population to the practice of bundling. "For it is a certain fact, well authenticated by court records and parish registers, that wherever the practice of bundling prevailed there was an amazing number of sturdy brats annually born into the state without the license of law or the benefit of clergy . . . they grew up, a long-sided, raw-boned, hardy race of whoreson whalers, woodcutters, fishermen and peddlers, and strapping corn-fed wenches who by their united efforts tended marvelously towards peopling those notable tracts of country called Nantucket, Piscataway and Cape Cod."

Some of the Puritan ministers protested the "bundling bed" and invented practical safeguards to lessen temptations between the lovers, for instance: "a low board fitted into slots, dividing the bed in two, but in no way hindering contact of hands and lips." However, some mothers with commendable prudence tied their daughters' ankles together, even protecting the lower regions of their bodies with tight fitting garments and layers of impenetrable petticoats. But the bundling bed remained a part of early American culture in the days of colonization, and the possession of a genuine colonial bundling bed today will cast eyes of envy upon the owner. The practice of bundling came to an end with urbanization, bigger and better houses and more comfortable areas for proper courting.

The respect due the bed is evidenced by the pride with which the descendants of the early settlers in such cities as San Francisco and Seattle point to furniture, notably the nuptial bed "brought around the Horn." These beds were usually part of the dowry of the "Mercer Girls" who came west in search of a husband.



"How long have you been wearing a green beret?"

The Mercer girls were of good and often wealthy middle-class families in the East, and they did not arrive by traveling overland in a covered wagon, but came by passenger steamer. These ladies, when wedded, laid the foundation of the upper middle-class social structure of the two cities mentioned. So imbued with the significance of this ancestral bed was the scion of one family, that his wife did not conceive and produce progeny until he brought her to bed in his great-grandmother's bridal bed!

The bed—four-poster (subject of Jan de Hartog's delightful play, "The Four-Poster," and at this writing adapted into a musical, "I do! I do!" starring Mary Martin and Robert Preston), the trundle, the brass, the bunk (for children stacked like sardines in the Levittown split level house), the canopied (adapted from the medieval bed in which the heavy velvet draperies were used to assure warmth to the bed's inhabitants, and which in the southern regions of America is familiar as the mosquito-covered love nest of Scarlet O'Hara and Rhett Butler of "Gone With the Wind"), the common cot and the sleeping bag (immortalized by Ernest Hemingway in "For Whom The Bells Toll" and as the companion bed of the teenager on the prowl)—is a legitimate character in fiction as well as in life where love springs forth... "Once Upon a Mattress."

The art of making a proper bed (once a specialty of the ladies of the house, is usually done far better today by men than women, due, no doubt, to the past generation's required military training in which bed making is part of the course) has little or no concern with the admonition of making one's bed and lying in it. The proper technique was set down by Jonathan Swift in his "Directions for Servants," in which he advises the chambermaid:

"Making beds in hot weather is a very laborious work, and you will be apt to sweat; therefore when you find the drops running down your forehead, wipe them off with a corner of the sheet, that they might not be seen on the bed."

And, the satiric dean further suggests, "Get your favorite footman to help you in making your lady's bed; and, if you serve a young couple, the footman and you, as you are turning up the bed clothes will make the prettiest observations in the world; which whispered about will be very entertaining to the whole family, and

get around the neighborhood."

The activities of people in bed, since the days of Boccaccio and the writing of the Decameron and the Tales of Chaucer, have been and still are perennial source material for wit. Yet, nothing is both at the same time more comic and more tragic than the cuckolding of a man in his own bed. And, in modern Italy, a man can be charged with adultery only if he brings his mistress to his wife's bed. The re-creation is against taste, rather than the morality of his deed.

On both the stage and in life itself, "crimes of passion," murder per se, have been committed in bed—as in the case of Othello's killing of Desdemona before the eyes of the audience and the murder of Marilyn Sheppard, for which her husband, the famous Dr. Sam, was recently dramatically exonerated. In such crimes the acts of violence are often committed in the very bed in which the joys of conjugal

of the more famous being Mark Twain and Marcel Proust. One saw no reason for the sitting posture of man unless he was a Buddhist monk, and the other cut himself off from a former, socially gregarious life to live and write his "Remembrances of Things Past" in his bed in a cork lined room where he claimed to find some relief from the asthma which had tortured him since childhood.

The use of the bed to escape from life has long been a play exploited by people suffering from a deep-rooted neurosis. A classic example was a wife of a prominent statesman, who, bored with her children and unhappy in her marital bed, took to the privacy of her boudoir and her bed. She eventually developed a psychosomatic illness so grave that her very life depended upon the importation of oxygen tanks to her room, and was allowed only minimal visits from her husband and children, who dared not overstay their visits lest they consume too much of her precious



love have been exalted and revered.

Upon being asked by a questioning friend as to what he had done the night before, a prominent actor-lover, a veritable Don Juan, replied quite nonchalantly, "I went to bed—and read."

Whereupon, the amazed friend admonished him and informed him that a bed was "a place in which one did two things—and reading was not one of them."

But reading in bed has offered, in lieu of pills, a pleasant panacea for many a disturbed person suffering the agonies of insomnia—searching, as did Macbeth, that innocent "sleep that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care... balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast..."

Not only is reading in bed one of the great and noble luxuries obtained in a perfectly made bed of fine linens, fresh and cool, but to some authors the bed has been used for writing—two

oxygen supply and thus bring about her death. This vain, arrogant, neurotic woman managed to enact this role in bed, torturing her family for more than a decade, before she finally expired in her elaborate bed of satin sheets and down comforts, surrounded by books of erotica, rich candies and champagne!

But for the most part the bed, whether glorified by the poet, or sold to the public with the hard-sell copy of the commercial sleep shops, is as important to a man as the roof over his head. Its ultimate value is attested to in the will of the prolific William Shakespeare, who, upon his death, did bequeath his wife his "second best bed"—leaving scholars for centuries pondering this enigma. Who was the recipient of the first? The Dark Lady of the Sonnets, as "black as hell, as dark as night" or "the better angel, a man right fair..."

On this note... to bed, to bed, to bed we go!





## NEVER TIE A GOOD WIFE DOWN

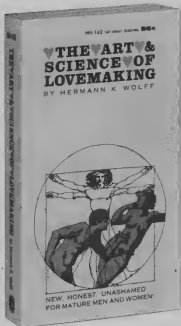
by Lou Seguin

Gerald uses a classic approach to free himself for extramarital attractions

**G**erald Twilling felt his wife's eyes burning curiously into him as he went about his delicate task. He hoped she appreciated his efforts to be as gentle as possible. ■ After all, he thought, it was no easy job being out here in the middle of the Arizona desert, with the wind howling and the sand blowing, while he twisted and turned the heavy rope around her legs, her waist and her soft, smooth neck. ■ "Thanks," she said, interrupting his  
—turn the page



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## Wife, from page 23

thoughts, "for not tying the rope around my breasts."

"I didn't want to hurt you, Ella," Gerald told her calmly.

Ella smiled. "You can be very thoughtful if you try, Gerald, but don't work so hard. You're working up a sweat."

Gerald wiped his forehead with the back of a hand. "I know, but I'm in a hurry."

"Gerald," Ella spoke his name tenderly.

Gerald paused to look down at his wife, who appeared to be resting on her back as comfortably as possible under the circumstances.

"Yes, Ella," he said.

"Gerald," she said with a note of hesitation in her voice, "sometimes I think you don't love me."

He laughed. "That's ridiculous. You don't think I brought you out here at five o'clock in the morning just because I had insomnia, do you, Ella?"

"Well, no, dear," Ella said, "but you must be annoyed with me about something if you're going to all the trouble of tying me to the railroad tracks."

Gerald smiled. "It's really no trouble, Ella. In fact, I'm enjoying it."

"That's good," Ella told him, "but you haven't explained why you're tying me to the railroad tracks."

"It's nothing personal, Ella," Gerald said, drawing the ends of the rope into a series of complicated knots. "I just happen to find myself in a predicament over money matters."

"What sort of predicament?" Ella asked, her face twisting into a slight wince as the rope dug into her flesh. "Maybe I can help."

"Oh, you are helping," Gerald told her. "You see, Ella, I became involved with another woman and..."

"Anybody I know?" Ella interrupted.

"Yes," Gerald said. "As a matter of fact, you did meet her once or twice. It's Zelda Wotter."

Ella looked shocked. "You mean your boss' daughter? Gerald! How could you? She's only seven years old!"

"No, dear," Gerald said impatiently, "not Mr. Wotter's daughter. His wife."

Ella's eyes brightened. "Oh, that's different, Gerald. I'm sorry I jumped to such a hasty conclusion. I can't blame you for being attracted to her. She is beautiful and lovely, but isn't it a bit risky, Gerald? If Mr. Wotter finds out, you might lose your job."

"He won't find out, Ella," Gerald said.

"So that's why you're tying me to the railroad tracks," Ella said. "You

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think I'd tell Mr. Wotter about your being hanky-panky over his Zelda."

"No, Ella, that's not it," Gerald told her. "After I began going with Zelda, I discovered I needed more money than the five dollars allowance you gave me every week."

Ella laughed. "Oh, Gerald," she teased, "you're being plain silly. All you had to do was ask me and I would have raised your allowance to seven dollars."

"I wish it were that simple, Ella," Gerald said, trying to cool his hands with his hot breath.

"Well, hurry and get to the point, Gerald," Ella said. "I'm getting a backache lying here on these hard old railroad tracks."

"I'm sorry, dear," Gerald said, "but it's a long story. Anyway it cost so much to take Zelda to the theatre, all the best restaurants and bingo palaces that I had to borrow a few dollars from the firm."

Ella smiled. "You really mean embezzle, don't you, dear?"

Gerald laughed. "Yes, I guess I do."

"How much?" Ella asked.

"Not much."

"How much is not much?" she coaxed.

Gerald shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, about 15 or 20 thousand."

Ella looked surprised. "That's not much, dear. You probably won't get more than 10 or 20 years for that."

"Well," Gerald said, "I hope to pay it all back before it's missed, but that's not what I'm really worried about now."

Ella wiggled within her rope bindings. "For goodness sake, Gerald!" she exclaimed. "You mean there's more?"

"Only a slight case of blackmail," Gerald said. "Irma Slotkins, Mr. Wotter's secretary, happened to catch me in bed one night with Zelda and now she's threatening to tell the boss about it unless I come up with \$50,000."

Ella chuckled her tongue. "You do have your little problems, don't you, Gerald?" she teased. "Just how do you propose to pay off Irma and return the money you took from the firm?"

Gerald pointed a clammy finger at his wife. "That's where you come in, darling," he told her, smiling. "I have a \$50,000 double indemnity insurance policy on your life, dear. If you die as a result of an accident, I'll collect \$100,000."

He chuckled optimistically. "Not only will I be able to settle my debts but, thanks to you, I'll have a few bucks left over to keep Zelda happy for a while."

Ella shook her head. "Well, I always was proud of you, dear, for the

way you could figure things out so well."

Gerald patted his wife's cheek, following up with a kiss. "I knew you'd understand, Ella. You've always been a good wife and a wonderful coffee maker."

He glanced at his wristwatch. "Ooops!" he exclaimed, "it's getting late. I'd better move or I'll be late to work."

"Good-bye, Gerald," Ella said, as a lonely tear lost itself in a sea of smiles. "Be sure you stop off and have a good breakfast before you go to the office."

"I will," Gerald told her. Getting to his feet, he hesitated a moment. "Oh, one last thing, Ella." He dug into his jacket pocket. "The train will be along in about half an hour. This will help you keep cool." He held a pint of Scotch to her lips. "Sorry I don't have any ice but take a good slug, anyway."

She half-emptied the bottle. "You're too good to me, Gerald. Sometimes I wonder whether I deserve all your

kindness."

"That's all right, baby," Gerald said. "I enjoy doing nice things for you. Now, you just lie there quietly. When the train comes along, close your eyes and you won't feel a thing."

Gerald walked toward his car and as he opened the door, he turned and threw a kiss to his wife. A moment later, he stormed off into the sand blizzard.

When Gerald reached the offices of Wotter, Wotter and Wotter Co., he was relieved to learn that Mr. Wotter hadn't arrived yet. It would give him the chance to call Zelda and tell her everything was taken care of.

As he dialed Zelda's number, Irma Slotkins, the boss' secretary, tapped on the window of his glass-enclosed office. Although she was beautiful, well-stacked and unusually cooperative at Christmas office parties, today her smile was on the grumpy side as she waved.

— turn to page 26



"I still say that any woman who wears her skirts that tight and who crosses her knees that often, is capable of murder!"

Gerald nodded his head and smiled, but under his breath he mumbled, "Okay, honey, you'll be getting yours before long." Irma walked away probably guessing he wasn't thinking anything nice.

Gerald waited for Zelda to answer the phone, but it kept right on buzzing. "Where is that girl?" he asked himself aloud. "Still sleeping, I suppose," he answered.

He waited a few more seconds, than hung up. "Nuts!" he said. "I'll call her back later, maybe." Besides he wanted his phone free just in case the police and insurance company called to inform him of his wife's unfortunate accident.

Gerald looked at the pile of papers on his desk. He didn't feel like working today. He picked up a pen and began to doodle on his calendar pad. Rows and rows of dollar signs.

The phone rang, Gerald almost fell off his chair. "Ah ha!" he thought.

"The police are finally going to break the sad news to me." He picked up the instrument and uttered a simple "Yes?"

"Hello, darling!" a soft, feminine voice, strangely familiar, jolted him through the ceiling.

Obviously, Gerald thought, this was not the police, but it couldn't be who it sounded like.

"E-E-Ella?" Gerald faltered.

"Who else, darling?" his wife teased. "What's the matter, dear? You don't sound as though you're glad to hear my voice."

"Oh, but I am," Gerald said. "I just didn't expect to hear from you so soon. Where are you calling from—up or down?"

"I'm home, silly," Ella laughed.

Gerald gulped. "Home!" he exclaimed. "What in hell are you doing home? How come you're not at the morgue?"

Ella laughed again. "The strangest thing happened right after you left me

on the railroad tracks, Gerald."

He was almost afraid to ask but he did anyway. "What happened, Ella?" "Well, dear," she began, "you weren't gone more than five minutes when along came a big beautiful car. I couldn't see who it was, of course, but in a few minutes a man came over to me and untied me from the railroad tracks. Wasn't that sweet of him?"

"Real sweet," Gerald moaned. "I hope you realize, Ella, that you've ruined all my well-laid plans."

"I'm truly sorry about that, Gerald, but speaking of well-laid, do you know what this nice man did after he untied me?"

"Skip the graphic details, Ella," Gerald told her. "Just tell me who this nice man is. I want to poke him in the nose."

Ella giggled. "Oh, I don't think you should do that, Gerald. He might fire you."

It took a moment for Ella's words to register, but when they did Gerald blew a gasket. "You mean the man who saved you is . . . ?"

"Yes, darling, Mr. Wotter. Don't you want to thank him? He's right here in bed with me. Gerald? . . . Gerald?"

Gerald finally found his voice. "What the dickens was Mr. Wotter doing out there in the first place?"

"Oh, that's the best part of the story, Gerald. As he carried me back to the car, I noticed a woman in the back seat."

"A woman!" Gerald interrupted. "Who was the woman with Mr. Wotter? Was it . . . was it Zelda?"

Ella giggled again. "How did you ever guess, darling? Yes, it was Zelda and she was all tied up. He threw her over his shoulder, carried her over to the railroad tracks and tied her down like you did me. Poor girl. She's probably hamburger by now."

Gerald suddenly felt disillusioned. He slammed down the phone. "Oh, hell! Hell! Hell!" he muttered over and over, realizing his whole day had been ruined.

He got up from his chair, stuffed his cigarettes into his pocket, and left the office.

Out in the corridor he bumped into Irma Slotkins. She looked grumpier than she had just a few minutes before. Gerald guessed the reason. "You heard?"

Irma nodded. "I heard."

"I'm going out to get drunk," Gerald told her. "Care to come along?"

"Why not?" she said, smiling sadly. "It's a good day to tie one on."

"But not down," Gerald said unhappily.

Alan



"Sure things, Miss, a cup of . . ."



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*In his search for Avis, Swaggerty finds someone else upstairs in a delapidated Southern mansion*

# HAIR OF THE DOG

by David Madden

PART FOUR

Frank Swaggerty is telling Rooks, his cellmate, of the events that led to his imprisonment. He has explained that he was a private detective and that Arabel Corum Satterfield hired him to find her thirteen-year-old daughter Avis, who was taken from her two years before by her Bible-slapping husband, the Reverend Lucius Satterfield. He was seen back in town, wearing dark glasses and probably pretending to be blind. He had a seeing eye dog, too.

In Frank's initial investigation he found Wade Corum, Arabel's brother, dead in the smoking room of the Smokey Mountain Packing plant. The cement floor was covered with the bloody pawprints of a dog, leaving little doubt about the killer's identity.

After telling Arabel and her brothers, Lennis and Troy, of the incident, Swaggerty began searching Knoxville for the Reverend. The men from Troy's taxi company and the runners from Lennis' bootlegging establishment assisted in the search. Frank went to Arabel's house where he stumbled on the Reverend.

Trapped in the bathroom with the dog snarling and scratching at the door, Frank was sure he had had his. But just as Lucius was axing his way through, Lennis and Troy with their men roared into the yard. Unfortunately, the Reverend escaped out the back door and down the alley.

While trapped in the bathroom, Frank learned that the Reverend did not hate the child and was looking for her, too. Lucius was obviously out of his mind, and there was no telling what he might do if he found Avis first.

After collecting himself, Frank and Arabel drove to a revival meeting to see if they might find Avis. In the high pitched fever of the faith healing and holy rolling, there was no sign of the child. Jumping back in the car, they started back across town. On a quiet

side street they felt the bump-pump-flapping of a flat tire and the pull of the wheels toward the curb. As they squatted beside the car looking at the squashed tire, they heard the scraping of branches in the brush. Two dark shapes materialized about a block away; one was a man, the other, a dog straining at a leash.

Frank and Arabel hopped in the car and drove off as fast as they could on the violently wobbling wheel. In the rear view mirror, they could see the blind Reverend running wildly behind the dog as the flashes of moonlight caught them through the trees.

"Please make it go faster!" Arabel was hysterical. "Please, Frank, I never saw a dog like that. It'll get us if we don't hurry! Hurry! Hurry!"

"It's bogging down, Arabel. It won't take much more. If we can just get a little further."

"What'll we do? They're running as fast as we're moving!"

"There it is!"

My house was still standing, half ruin, half the way it was. Some of the walls lay crumbled like trash on the ground but some rooms looked strong and safe. I turned the car into the yard and it jolted and bobbed up to the wide front steps. The front door leaned against a tree, ghost-white in the moonlight. And through a huge gash in the roof, light flooded the vestibule. The wide stairway to the upper rooms hung at a slant, still clinging to the wall. But I didn't have time to feel sad.

"Can you run, Arabel? Are you too scared to run?"

"No. I can. But can't we lock the doors and stay in the car?"

"He could break the windows enough for the dog to crawl in. We've got to make it inside the house."

I stopped the car right at the bottom steps with the headlights aimed into the house.

"Get out and run inside!"

I kicked the door open and met her

in front of the car. The lights showed the helpless terror on her face and the wild desperation in her eyes. She tripped on the shutters that had been ripped from the windows and thrown on the steps. I pulled her up and carried her through the doorless front entrance.

"We can't get up those stairs, Frank. They're just hanging by a hair!" I set her down. "My legs won't hold me up!"

"Yes, they will! Run up those steps! They'll hold you!"

"But you'll be down here alone, and they'll—"

"Go!"

She went up the stairs, bracing herself against the broken wall, clutching at the ripped wallpaper. Long sheets of it came off in her hands as she stumbled up, her foot slipping in the loose plaster on the steps. The high stairway swayed under her weight and I heard the joints rasping against the strain.

I looked back and there was Lucius and the dog, black in the glare of the car lights. The lights shattered my vision, but I could see well enough to find loose boards on the floor. I threw them wildly, panting, going, "Huh! Huh! Huh!" One of them hit the dog and it yelped like a pup. Let him reach me and he'd be a long way from a pup.

She was on the upper landing now, looking down, her arms hugging herself convulsively, because hot as it must have been outside our skins, she was probably freezing to death from fear—like me.

"Run up, Frank! Run, run, run! It'll hold!"

I doubted that, but there was no where else to run to. All the doors were stacked against one of the walls. Halfway up the steps, I jerked my head around to see where the dog was and saw it reach the bottom step and scramble up, its paws clawing at the torn wallpaper that lay across the steps. The staircase shuddered beneath me and swayed with a loud tearing sound. That's what I wanted it to do, but not before I got to the second story. On the first landing, I fell on my hands and busted my knees on the edge of a step.

Arabel stood on the upper landing, leaning over, reaching for me with a rail post in her hand.

"Grab hold, Frank! Grab this! I'll pull you up! Hurry up! It's coming up behind you!"

"I know it, Arabel! Goddamnit, I know it!"

I fumbled with the end of the post  
—turn to page 30

## Hair of the Dog, from page 29

as the whole staircase dropped. Women aren't weak. It's just they like to surprise you. As I felt the last inch of wooden support slide from under the toes of my shoes, one hand clutching the edge of the floor by her spread feet, the other slipping sweatily on the end of the post she held, I felt a sudden powerful pull and my knee struck the edge of the floor and my fingernails dug into the wallpaper. She grabbed the back of my collar, letting go of the post, and pulled the coat up tight under my arms as I crawled up and over the edge of the floor, feeling the jar when the staircase crashed below. I lay at her feet in the grubby plaster, my own feet hanging over the edge.

The rush of my breath ached in my throat, but I got myself into a sitting position and looked down. In the lights from my sweet little Dodge, dusty smoke rolled upward from under the collapsed staircase. Lucius stood coughing in the doorway with the broken leash dangling at his side. The dog rose jumping and snarling out of the moiling dust.

"You all right, Frank?"

I looked up. She was leaning against the wall, her dress smudged with white plaster, her hair wild, her eyes wild and her mouth wild and she was panting, too.

I looked down into the ruins of the hallway. "Lucius Satterfield, you get out of my house! I was born and raised here and you're trespassing."

"Wuh-wuh-we'll get up there sub-suh-omehow. Yuh-yuh, yuh-yuh all can't ge-ge-get away from mum-mum-mum-me. Yuh-yuh, you-tell mum-mum-mum-me whur sh-she, she is a-a-and hi-hi-hi won't let Muh-muh-Mary bother you."

"What's he mean — Mary?"

"Mary was the — mother of — Jesus t-t-till b-h-h he turned her into a German police d-d-dog." I realized I was stuttering from lack of breath and I got tickled.

"Laugh!" Luh-luh-luh-laugh, you fuh-fuh-fuh-foul — hi-hi-hi-hi'll get up there!"

"Go away! My mother said I couldn't play with you, you white trash Pharisee!"

"Sh-sh-sh-she's with yuh-yuh, yuh-you, is-is-isn't she?" He stumbled in the debris, his head rolling on his shoulders, trying to locate my voice. The dog was barking now, running about, scattering dust and trash under his feet.

"Where's Avis, Lucius? Please tell me where she is!"

"Yuh-yuh, yuh-you all took her. De-de-de, de, de-don't lie. Hi-hi-hi-hi know you come a-a-a-and took her away."

"No we didn't either. We can't find her either. Where was she, Lucius? Where were you all? Please, Lucius!"

"You and your pimp took her. You whore of hell! I knowed it all along! You're one, too!"

I thought of the back stairway leading up from the kitchen. I got up and stumbled in the dark to the end of the hall.

"Frank, where are you?" Arabel turned to follow me.

"Stay there."

Lucius continued to yell. Let him keep on yelling. Troy or Lennis or one of the cars would find us if he kept it up and that dog kept barking. The back staircase had been torn down. I was actually grateful now to those wreckers.

I went back and told Arabel that

they couldn't get up. "We're safe now. Let him holler."

"Wuh-wuh-wuh-wuh-whur's Avis! Hi-hi-hi-hi ain't quittin' til I fuh-fuh-fuh-find her."

"She ran away from you. Is it any wonder?" Arabel was screaming — "You're out of your mind, Lucius! Now don't nobody know where she is!"

"Are you ly-ly-ly-lyin' to me?"

"No. I swear."

"Do you sub-suh-ssss-suhwear buh-buh-buh-b-b, b-by Je-je-je-sus' sssss name?"

"Yes. Yes. I tell you I don't know. The only way we can find her is to do it together. You do something with that dog and help us, instead of —"

"Yuh-luh-yuh-you want to help me find her? Hi-hi-hi-hi want to k-k-k-kill her."

"Lucius! Why? No, Lucius! Please!"

He kept raving about how she'd come back to the filth that'd spawned her. Said he was going to walk the streets of Knoxville till he found her, and then he was going to kill her and have peace again.

"Don't hurt her, Lucius. She's just a child. She don't know . . . she's a helpless child."

"No, no, she ain't. Sh-sh-sh-she's a huh-huh-huhore, le-le, le-like you. Come here, Muh-muh-mary. Come here, guh-guh-guh-girl."

He stooped down with the bright light behind him and spread his arms, calling the dog. It came out of the smoke and hugged up against him inside his arms. He caught the broken leash and rose and held to the short leather thong and pulled the dog out onto the porch and they were blurred as they moved close to the lights.

"I'll cut your heart out, Lucius Satterfield! If you touch one hair on her head, I'll cut your heart out!"

I pulled Arabel back from the edge of the drop. "They're leaving now, Arabel. They're gonna leave us alone."

"He don't know either. She's lost somewhere all alone with him trying to find her. Did you hear him, Frank? He said he was going to find her and kill her."

"Don't worry, Arabel. We'll get 'im. Somebody must have heard that racket. He acted like he was leaving, but he might be laying for us out there. So you rest awhile, till somebody comes and helps us get out of here."

The idea was, I kinda wanted to be alone with her in what was left of my old home. She buried her face in my chest and I hugged her while she cried, and we coughed from the dust. I guided her along the hallway toward

Adam



"Oh, oh, — looks like Jensen got a pink slip in his poy envelope!"

albrano

a window the moonlight was pouring through. Then it was blotted out by clouds.

"It's gonna rain," I said. "It'll cool things off." Her body was hot against me as we went slowly, awkwardly into the room I had lived in when the house was mine. Well, it was still mine as long as some of it still held up.

My room hadn't been touched. The floors gleamed except where the rug had been. I had that in my office and some of the furniture was in the rented room I had across town.

She sat on the floor beside the dusty window. I sat with the window at my back and heard large drops of rain spatter on the glass. We sat quietly. Then we heard the rain hitting the trees and the windowpane and the roof and we listened to it come down. The colored lights of the city gleamed through the rain across the river, and I thought I heard the bawling of cattle in their stalls echo along the cliffside. She stiffened and stopped breathing when she heard the dog barking in the distance, but that faded, and after a while all we heard was the rain and our own breathing.

The dim lights of the moon, glowing through thin clouds, fell through the window on her hand. I put my hand on hers and moved closer toward her. My huge shadow lay on the floor where the rug had been.

She talked about Avis with a trembling in her voice. She was very worried, and sad, and tired and angry.

"I'm sorry I got you into this, Frank. I shouldn't have felt the way I did about you."

"What? Felt how about me?"

"I can't tell you now. But I didn't ever dream it would turn out this way."

"I used to dream—in this very room. Yeah, I used to dream here. And the rain, too. And snow. And leaves falling in the fall."

"This is your house, isn't it?"

"Used to be. They're going to make a used car lot of it."

"Even wrecked like it is, it's sure better than any house my people ever lived in."

"Well, it's from my momma's side. They were rich in lumber, and somehow they went down. Came along a grandfather, I think, that drank and gambled the floor out from under him. And my daddy's daddy, who was just a dirt farmer, but who was behind a hand of cards more than behind a plow, crossed poker chips with my momma's daddy, and there went the mansion. So my daddy inherited it. My momma was a hard-headed romantic. Living in that house was all

she knew about living. So daddy let her move back in after ten years away from it, and let her pay rent. Well, she couldn't even do that, but what she could do, she did. Married the landlord, my daddy, who ran a movie theater on Market Street. Place hot and stinky as a cockpit, but the steamy incubator of a world of the imagination for me when I was little. Well, she ran him out of his mind and into drinking, supporting the Hub saloon, with her talk of the glorious past, and how he ought to bring it back. He didn't have any trouble re-issuing *Come With The Wind*, but about all he could do for the glory of the past was keep the grass mowed. Then one fine summer night, he waded into the Tennessee River and climbed onto a sandbarge and two years of floating landed him finally in a Chicago canal. My mother, meanwhile, kept the mansion out of pride, hoping I would someday make a pile of money and redeem 'our side' of the family from shame, she being the offspring of a two hundred-year-old name that existed now only on historical markers. So here we are, trespassing on a used car lot."

"Just don't let 'em get that sweet little Dodge of yours."

"Oh, no. We gonna use that to hunt for Avis."

"Now why would you do that?"

"I like you. I'd cover this whole damn country with you—looking for her. She must be something wonderful to have you for a mother and to make you feel about her the way you do."

"I tell you, Frank, if I don't find her or if he—Frank, I'll just kill myself, that's all there is to it. She's all I ever cared to live for."

"Why did you marry that lunatic? A girl like you."

"A girl like you? A girl like what?"

She was in my arms now, very small and soft in the soft dress and her long, smooth neck warm under my fingers.

"A girl like I never met before. Much as I've been around this world, I never knew a woman like you. Who works and sacrifices and who's still lovely after so much working and worrying. Oh, I've been around them, but never—"

"Never what?"

"This close."

"Lucius would damn us to hell."

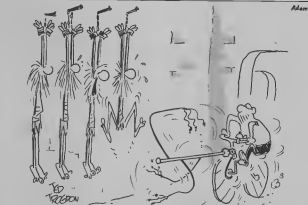
"Lucius has given us enough hell for one night."

"We ought to get up and go find Lennis and Troy and start—"

Her mouth! My God, her mouth! In that room where I had dreamed of such a woman, not only of movie stars and heiresses and sophisticated world-weary women of foreign cities, but sometimes more intensely of such women as her, whose mouth and whose sweet quivering tongue—and not anywhere in the world had I known—yes, once, once in Galveston, a very young whore and I had forgotten her. That was a long way off and a long time ago.

I put my hand inside the silky rayon dress and it slipped inside her brassiere, with the rain dashing on the windowpane at the back of my head. The moon got suddenly bright and I saw the bare walls of the bare room I had left 16 years ago when I realized one day that to live in this world I would have to finally cut the navel cord my mother had me leashed to. My other hand moved up her nylon

—turn to page 36



"Good god... automation!"



her in a soft bed. He felt human again, and safe. Yet he knew his sense of security—like the darkened room—was false, dangerous. In reality it was two o'clock on a bright March afternoon, and he had pulled down the blinds and closed the curtains to shut out the light. The light was out there though, and so were *they*, closing in on him.

Karen Sue opened the bathroom door which was at the foot of the bed and crawled across the bed to him, dropping at his side. She was naked, and when he put his arm around her he felt the damp ends of her long black hair pressed against the warm hollow of her back. She was a thin girl with small breasts, but she had nice legs and a well-shaped backside. He slid his hand down there and squeezed her.

"This movie is all right," Eddie said.

"John Wayne is too much," Eddie said. "Hmmm." Karen Sue buried her face against his side.

"After the movie's over, I gotta go."

Karen Sue raised her head and looked at him, "Go?"

"They'll find me if I stay here any longer."

"I want to go with you," Karen Sue said. "But I don't want to go yet. I'm too tired. I want to stay another night. We can stay another night, Eddie."

She lay her cheek against his chest and he felt her warm breath on his skin, like feathers tickling.

"If the MPs come," Eddie said. "I don't know what I'll do. I don't think I can let them take me back."

"Maybe they won't find you."

He kissed her hair and moved his hand along her smooth back. He could feel her ribs under the white skin where there should have been flesh. In the bus station where he had first seen her last night it had been like looking at himself. The gaunt stare, the dark crescents under her eyes, the sallow skin, the look of the runner, slumped in exhaustion, yet alert and jittery from constant weariness. She had been sitting at the end of a bench, her hands clutching a small black pocketbook, a battered brown suitcase at her feet. She had been wearing a faded blue dress of thin cotton, no stockings or socks, scuffed brown loafers. Eddie had not thought then that she was pretty—which she was—only that she was like him, a runner, and that he could talk to her and that she would understand how it was.

She had jumped when he had sat down beside her. But he had smiled and raised his hands in a gesture that he had hoped would indicate the in-

nocence of his intentions—and she had seen that she did not have to fear him. She had told him what he had known, that she was a runner, too. In three days and nights she had come from Brownsville, Texas to this town in Missouri, only that far, and now she was out of money and worn down from no sleep and wanted to stop. Eddie had told her that he wanted to stop, too, for one night, and then he had suggested that they do it together. To his surprise, Karen Sue had said okay; just like that. Okay.

They had left the station, Eddie carrying her suitcase, and walked four talkless blocks until they came to a hotel. It had looked about right to Eddie—not fancy, not a dump—so they'd gone in and up to the desk, and he had registered them as Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brown.

The John Wayne movie was interrupted by a commercial now, so Eddie got up and went into the bathroom. On the way out he stopped to examine his face in the mirror over the bowl. The tired grayness was gone from his skin, the redness from his eyes. But his cheeks seemed more sunken, his face longer and more angular than it actually was. Tufts of brown hair were curling over his ears, but people no longer stared at you if you needed a haircut; so the hell with it. He left the bathroom and lay back down on the bed beside Karen Sue.

"They won't find you here," she said. "Not this soon."

"They'll find me. If *they* don't, that brother of yours will." Eddie had told her why he was running; now he wanted to know about her. "Tell me about him," he said.

"Ronnie Lee?" That name makes him sound like a little boy, doesn't it? He's not though. He's real big and strong. He lifts weights to build his muscles up and he doesn't drink or smoke. He likes to keep in shape."

"Why is he so set on coming after you?"

"Ever since Papa died Ronnie Lee's figured it was his job to keep the family together. We got four younger brother and sisters, and Ma's been sick off and on. He thinks I should be there to help."

"What do you think?"

"I've helped. I've helped plenty. I looked after those kids, changing diapers and feeding them, staying home while Ronnie Lee was out playing football or drinking or, most likely, playing around with the girls. That's his idea of holding the family together—just bring home the money and take off."

"He works?"

"Sometimes. When he has to."

Eddie watched John Wayne break a chair over a cowboy's head. The cowboy dropped to his knees, reaching for his gun, but Wayne kicked the gun away and the cowboy sprawled on the floor, holding his hand and grimacing.

"Neat," Eddie whispered.

Someday, he thought, all the bastards in the world; wham, busted knuckles.

"He forced me to do awful things, too," Karen Sue said.

"What's that?"

"Ronnie Lee, he made me do things... bad things... terrible things with him. He'd get drunk and come home and... if I didn't he'd hit me... he'd hit me until..."

"Stop it," Eddie said. "I don't want to hear what he did to you."

She had begun to cry now. She pushed a fist into her mouth and wept softly.

"I had to get away," she said. "I had to."

The poor fox, Eddie thought. She had watched over what was probably an unruly and ungrateful brood while Ronnie Lee had beaten her and humiliated her. He had heard of things like that; now here in the same bed with him was a girl who had gone through it. Hell, there were lots of little foxes like Karen Sue out there among the two hundred million. They hid their fear and desperation beneath the look of cool, the hip-huggers and the bell-bottoms, because they wanted to be like the big fat majority—swingers all. Yeah, they were out there, all the little phony swingers, crying "look at me, love me, tell me you understand." They'd jump into your bed and your life feet first, those little foxes, and they'd make man, brother and God of you. They'd eat you alive, if you'd let them. You had to watch a poor little fox like Karen Sue.

Yeah, Eddie thought, he had a pair of reasons to leave now. Three, actually, because the MPs always came in pairs. Always. If he didn't get out soon, there was going to be someone knocking on that door. And when he opened it, either Ronnie Lee or two bully boys with starched khakis, arm bands and nightsticks would be there. It seemed more likely that it would be the storm troopers, but he feared Ronnie Lee's coming more. Karen Sue's brother was an unknown. He could predict what the MPs would do. They were Army and Eddie was—or had been—Army himself.

The Army. He had enlisted to escape one tyranny—his father's

— and had run into the arms of another. By the time he'd put basic training behind him, he knew the magnitude of his mistake. He'd learned to distrust the system, that lumbering beast all around him, and to hate the authority that kept the beast moving. But neither system nor authority had anything to do with his trouble at first. His trouble was Carl DuPuy, a pudgy, unwashed private first class whose clothes never seemed to fit him. DuPuy was a blob to be ignored, but he was there, in the bunk across from Eddie almost all the time.

On a Friday evening, right after chow, DuPuy rolled off of his bunk, padded over to Eddie and asked for twenty bucks. A loan.

"My mother died, and I need the twenty to get home," DuPuy said, his flaccid face empty.

Eddie didn't believe him, but you couldn't accuse a guy of lying about his mother's death. Eddie took two tens from his wallet and handed them to DuPuy.

"Thanks, Platt," DuPuy said. "I mean, really, thanks a lot. I won't forget this. You'll get your twenty back as soon as we get paid."

On Monday morning a third soldier told Eddie that he had seen DuPuy playing poker at a bar near the base Saturday night — and winning. Eddie waited a week before he confronted DuPuy.

"Payday has come and gone," Eddie finally said to him. "I was wondering about my twenty."

"I'm still short, Platt," DuPuy said. "I have to send some dough home to my family now. Expenses, to help out. You know."

"No, I don't know," Eddie said. "Look, you were seen playing poker last Saturday."

"Poker?" DuPuy's face reddened. "I told you, my mother died. I went home to the funeral. If you think I'm a liar and a thief, you can just wait for your lousy twenty."

Eddie did not want to fight DuPuy. Fighting would lose him more than he would gain. But he did want his money back. He gave it another week and then, a little after noon the next Saturday, while DuPuy was in the shower, he crossed the few feet of space between their bunks and began going through DuPuy's wall locker. He couldn't find DuPuy's wallet, but there was a dollar and some change in one of his pants pockets. Eddie took it.

He turned to go to his foot locker, and DuPuy was there. He was back from the shower, a towel circling his beefy middle, standing between the bunks, watching Eddie. So they fought

anyway. It was brief, more a scuffle, than an actual exchange of blows, and it was cut short by the arrival of the officer of the day, a young lieutenant named Corrin. He listened to DuPuy accuse Eddie of taking his money, naming the exact amount of change that had been in his pocket. The lieutenant searched Eddie, found that amount, and took him to the orderly room.

Sitting there, Eddie realized that his personal crime against DuPuy had somehow become a crime against the U.S. Army — the whole damned system. He also realized that DuPuy could prove that he had taken his money, but that it was only his word against DuPuy's when it came to the un-repaid loan. And the word of a thief? Eddie knew that he had had it. Suddenly it seemed wrong and stupid to sit there and wait for the system to hand down its judgment and punishment. The odds against him seemed too large.

Corrin was sitting behind his desk, peering at Eddie out of narrowed eyes.



Corrin was not to be trusted; he surely was out to get Eddie; he was the system's agent. The lieutenant was from a world Eddie didn't know — officer's candidate school at Fort Benning, a rich university in the East, an influential family. Definitely not to be trusted.

Corrin leaned across the desk and said, "Okay, Platt, I'm going to try to iron this thing out right here; no need for it to go any further."

"No sir."

"All you have to do is admit that you took the money from DuPuy and return it."

"I took it, sir."

Corrin seemed greatly relieved. "Good," he said, "We'll get DuPuy down here and you can return it to him." He started to get up.

"But he stole twenty dollars from me," Eddie said.

Corrin sat back down, frowning. "Oh? Well... I guess we'll have to get DuPuy down anyway and ask him about that."

"It won't do any good," Eddie said. "What do you mean?"

"He'll just deny it. I... I got no proof."

"We'd better get him down here."

"You don't believe me, sir?"

The lieutenant sighed. "Look, Platt," he said, "I'm not saying I do or I don't. But you have to admit that sounds like a pretty wild story, like something you made up."

Yeah, Eddie had to agree with the lieutenant; so would everyone have to agree with him. Corrin was out to get him. He was going to throw him to the wolves of the system. Eddie remembered how his father had removed his belt and wrapped it about his fist and how he had made Eddie drop his trousers and bend over in the middle of the big living room at home. He remembered the crack of the leather against his bare flanks and the pain, the searing, cutting pain. He remembered his hot tears, and his shame, but most of all he remembered his pain.

He had promised himself, all those years of growing up, that he would not stand and take anything like that again — ever. Eddie stood up and backed to the door, watching as Corrin's face went from unawareness to disbelief, and then from belief to outraged anger. He came around the desk, all action now, but too late. Eddie was gone, through the orderly room, down the still hallway, into the night, a runner, running.

On the hotel room TV, John Wayne was disposing of another bad cowboy. Left, right, cuff, whack, slam. End of bad guy. Easy. So easy. John Wayne, he never ran. He stood up on his hind legs and fought, because he was right and he had might, and with that combination they never could stop you. But what if you had no more might than the next guy? And what if you didn't know what was right. What then? Eddie wondered. He thought of cruel-faced sergeants and the pen they would throw him in when they caught up with him. And he wondered what John Wayne would do if he were in Eddie's place; he wondered what anyone would do. Once you start running, where do you stop? And when? Nowhere, he thought. Never. You just keep on going, faster than before.


He sat up and swung his feet to the floor, but Karen Sue rolled over and wrapped her arms tightly about his waist. Damn the fox, he thought. Damn her to hell.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "If you leave me I'll kill myself, Eddie. I will. I swear to God I will." Her arms were steel around his middle,

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# Swinging Jane Swings Again

PRETTY JANE MASON first appeared in ADAM way back in Vol. 9 No. 9, and since then we've been pestered with requests for more photographs, more facts and more uncoverage generally. Here she is, fellas, and we're glad to report Jane is still successfully stalking Hollywood (as you can plainly see) and making a name for herself in Flicksville.

Budding Jane has swung through a couple western films and can be spotted often in TV supporting roles. Most recently she's been displaying her wild 34-26-36 bod behind a guitar. Yeah, fellas, she sings, too! 



Swinging Jane Mason returns



after massive popular appeal to reveal more wild aspects of a rising starlet's Hollywood career

and my fingers trembled on her soft woman's flesh, and it was just like running up those stairs again for both of us. He had called her a whore, but she was the only woman other than a whore I had ever touched. Women always want to mother me, because being twice as big as most men I seem like a child to them. Arabel was a mother, but, letting my huge hands go slowly, slowly up to her soft belly, she was not a mother to me. Thanks, Lucius, thanks, and thanks be to your dog for chasing her into my little boy's room in that falling house. We were a man and a woman together.

But not quite. I hate to say it, but Lennis took that soft, sweet moment out of all the dull, hard moments in the history of creation to roar into the yard and yell, "Surround the house, men!"

Arabel rose quickly, her mouth moist from my mouth, her eyes flickering as she listened. "That's my brother. It's Lennis."

"Yes. It's Lennis. You got anything against me throwing rocks at him?"

She laughed. I had not expected that. It sounded as new as sudden rain in the trees on a bright, moonlit night. I laughed, too. In fact, we ended up giggling.

"Hey! Did you hear something?" Lennis' voice was serious and low in the hallway downstairs.

We rose, falling against each other, clinging for support.

"Wait, Frank, honey."

"What?"

"I want to know. Did you mean what you said?"

"I didn't say it yet. If it wouldn't sound so funny coming out of a big ox like me, I'd say that I love the hell out of you, honey."

"No, I mean — you do?"

"I want to bless you."

"Who's that up there?" Lennis yelled loud enough to wake the dead.

"No, I mean Avis. When you said —"

"Sure. Right now. We'll start right now."

"And not sleep till we drop. Okay?"

"Okay." I kissed her.

We walked to the edge of the hallway and I looked down at the top of Lennis' head.

"Hey, buddy-roe, did you wipe your feet before you came in the house?"

**W**ake the hell up, Rooks. Well, you were so quiet I thought you'd dropped off to sleep. Come on down here and the strain of trying to hear me won't put you to sleep. Now I can talk right in your ear. Better? Okay.

Well, it looked like a used car lot already. All the lights glaring at the house the way they did in Arabel's yard at twilight. It was ten o'clock now — my bedtime. But first we had to find Avis and tuck her in. That was going to take some time.

Lennis had a fit when we told him he'd just missed his prey again. And looking suspiciously at us, wound up for another fit in another direction, but Arabel cut his water off quick.

"Now listen here, Lennis, you shut your trap and quit looking at me that way. Frank saved my life."

"Don't you believe it, Lennis. She saved mine. And a girl that can pull a 295 pound stumble-bum up out of thin air is a girl you don't wanna sass too much."

"Man, I've seen 'bout enough of you tonight. You just trot on home and let her brothers take care of her."

"Hush, Lennis. I'll go home if you're so damn hot about it, but let him take me and you all keep looking. Only Lucius don't know where Avis is."

"Don't you know he's lying?"

"No, but you go on and find him and we'll see what's what."

Lennis and his armada spread once more out into the city. It so happened he had some shells for the automatic in his car. It was nice to have them now that I probably wouldn't need them. While Arabel brushed the plaster dust from her dress and I tried not to go off the deep end watching the way her hands pressing over the dress brought out the curves of her body, I pumped up the tires Lucius had let the air out of, using a bicycle pump I kept in the back. She got some hill-billy music on the car radio, and then she leaned on the fender and I got weak watching her comb her long hair in the cool drizzle the rain had turned into, and me pumping till I near busted a gut.

"I don't mind no sleep," I said, as we crossed the bridge again with mist rolling under it over the Tennessee River — more aimless wandering — "but reckon we could pause till I plug up this tunnel that's boring through my innards?"

She laughed.

"Laugh, why don't you?"

"Okay, Dick Tracy, I reckon I better feed you. Head on towards my house but keep looking as you go. Shoot fire, she might even be at the house now — waiting for me to come home."

"I'm looking at that police car coming down the street. It may be one of Lennis' hired hands, but if it ain't —" I turned right, into some Negro slums. I love to watch Negroes standing around on the streets in front of pool halls and cafes and sitting on the front steps and a real homemade gal high steppin' it through a bunch of studs. That's how it was when we cruised through that Negro neighborhood. And it was just after the rain in the early August night. And Negro scents that go to your head like a swig of muscatel. The police car didn't follow.

There's still a lot of jungle in Lonsdale, too, and some of what might pass for a country atmosphere — patches of corn and tomatoes and string beans and hollyhocks and dandelions in the yard and honeysuckle lolling over the fence, and chicken coops out back with the chickens ghostly in the hedgeberry trees with the moonlight shifting through, and dressed up cars parked in the rutted place in front of the house and porch

Adam



swings still, and always one or two dogs taking it cool in the middle of the tar-topped road, where fences, keeping in one cow or one horse, run along on the red clay bank across the ditch.

So when we saw a big ol' thicket of ripe blackberries nodding over a fence with the raindrops on the berries twinkling in the moonshine, she said, "Lookie yonder, will you! First blackberries I've seen this summer. Shows you how beat down you get from factory work. How'd you like some blackberries with top cream poured over 'em?"

"I want you to hush. Eatin' blackberries is how I want to spend heaven."

"Pull up by that mailbox and let's get out and pick a few."

"I think they's somebody sitting on the porch across the road, behind them vines."

I stopped the car and we got out. "They won't mind."

Fireflies blinked and glowed in the yard across the road and along the red clay bank among the blackberry briars. The vines grew up tight strings nailed from the floor to the ceiling of the porch, and behind them, people were swinging and talking low and smoking cigarettes, and the living room window was aglow with the television snow.

We crossed the road, her heels clicking on the hardtop. The way things had been going, I was expecting, and I reckon she was, too, to see Lucius and Mary come leaping down the field slope through the clover, but the vapor from the rain was all that moved along the ground.

"What're we gonna put 'em in?" I whispered, straddling the ditch where some water trickled, my shoes stuck in the red clay.

She squatted on the edge of the road across the ditch with her dress held out in a basket shape. I thought that was right cute, especially when she tossed back her head to get her hair away from her face. My hair got stuck in the briars over my head, which is how high they'd grown. The berries were wet and big as my thumb and so ripe they fell into my palm when my fingers touched them.

When I turned to pitch about the tenth handful into her lap, I got a misty glimpse of a woman, standing on the edge of the porch across the road.

"Is that Arabel Satterfield over yonder?" Her husky voice cut through the quiet.

Arabel had a berry about to put in her mouth but she just held it there

and turned her head. "Who's that?"

"It's Majel Hollis. Is that your voice, Arabel?"

"Well, hidi, Majel. I *thought* that was your house." She still held her dress that way.

"Hey, listen, honey," the woman said, coming off the porch along the flagstones toward the road, "I been tryin' an' tryin' to get you. I went by your house awhile ago, looking for you. You know your husband's back in town?"

"I sure as hell do." Arabel held to the bumper of the car to pull herself up, holding her dress to keep the berries from spilling, her pink slip showing across her knees. She turned to meet the woman, who was now in the middle of the road. A husky woman with her pin curlers glittering in the moonlight.

I stayed astraddle the ditch, stuck in the mud, gobbling blackberries.

"Well, honey, that ain't all. I seen Avis, too."

There went Arabel's berries, rolling down and around her feet. She caught hold of the woman's arms and they tromped all over the berries. I come down off the bank, jumping the ditch, and the woman saw me over Arabel's shoulder and she stepped back a little.

"Lordy, who's that big man you got with you?" Her being a big woman, I reckon she never expected to see a man more her size than what she was used to.

"Avis! You saw Avis! Where? Where at, Majel?"

"Well, honey, I's fixin' to tell you, if you'd stop squeezing me to death." She laughed loud and high, sharing Arabel's joy. "Over on Cherry street at the midway. I's so surprised to see her walking along, I nearly jumped out of my skin."

"Frank! Frank, did you hear what Majel said?" She dug her fingernails into my arm and held to the woman's wrist with her other hand.

"I told you we'd find her." I felt cheated that I hadn't found her for Arabel.

"When, Majel? When was it?"

"Less than an hour ago."

"You reckon they've closed up yet?"

"Lawd, no! They's half the girls from the factory over yonder, having the best ol' time!"

"Why didn't you hold onto her? Dammit, Majel, you know I been grieving my heart-out for two years, trying to find out where he took her."

"I called her name, but she kept on walking like she'd seen a leper, and then she just vanished into thin air 'fore I could get to her. But don't you worry now. He's probably found her

by now."

"Who? Lennis?"

"Lennis? No, honey, her daddy. I seen him on the street as we's coming home. Did you know he's got blinded since he left Knoxville? The pitiful thing's got to have a dog to lead him around. It near broke my heart to see—"

"You didn't tell 'im, did you?"

"Well, he asked me if I'd seen her and I figured she'd got lost from him, so 'fore I thought, I told him where I seen her, and he — honey, I plum forgot he run off with her that time. I—"

"Come on, Frank!"

But I was already in the car and had the motor running.

Arabel got in the car and slammed the door. "Majel, you ain't got good sense!"

"Well, hell's bells, Arabel, you think I ain't got nothing to do but keep track of ever' body's troubles? I work ten hours a day and I—"

Majel held to the door as the car started to move. We left her standing in the middle of the road still talking.

"Frank, if we don't get there before Lucius does—"

"I know, honey, I know. I'm squeezing ever' ounce of juice out of this thing."

We cut across town on two wheels with the rubber scalding the pavement and the traffic lights zooming over our heads like lightning bugs.

"To think she was there all the time at that midway and us trying to find Lucius, when she was no more'n three blocks from the factory. I could even see the tents and the ferris wheel from the window, and me calmly sewing trapdoors on union suits, and her probably riding that ferris wheel all day long. She used to ride it out at Chilhowee park and Lucius would have to drag her off of it, screaming bloody murder, and— oh, Lord, Frank, he's—he knows where she is, and us out picking blackberries." Her voice trembled with fear and astonishment and anger. Her lips were purple from the blackberries and I still had the taste of them in my mouth. I felt guilty.

She rolled against her door and against me and held like a drowning person to the gearshift, and me trying to keep us from running into the ditches and crashing into trucks in front of us.

And you might know that not one of Lennis' whiskey runners or Troy's taxicabs was in sight. But I had the gun loaded now and I wasn't in any mood to let anything stop me. I was dead determined this time to get that child for her.

To be continued 

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TODAY'S WESTERN HEROES WERE  
YESTERDAY'S SOCIAL OUTCASTS

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# A NEW LOOK AT THE OUTLAWS OF THE OLD WEST

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by Jake Barnes

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Several of them were psychopathic killers, others were bullies of the worst sort—rapers of women, slayers of children—and very few of them had any regard for the law they were often hired to enforce. Yet their deeds—even their infamous deeds—have come down to us in song and romantic fiction and today are cluttering the hell out of television and motion pictures.

The fact is, most of the “heroes” of the old west were outlaws. Not only were they outlaws, but hardly a one of them would be able to stay out of jail two weeks in today’s society.

Take that “Robinhood of the West,” Jesse James. Every honest, law abiding citizen from Colorado to Arkansas was


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# Girl In A Harem

**I**NSIDE the folds of a sheltered and opulent tent hidden on an oasis deep in the windswept sand deserts of a middle-east sheikdom, echoes still remain of the once proud, haughty harems of Arabian Nights fame.

ADAM recreates scenes of the favorite concubine lain tantalizingly next to a secluded pool, disrobed and adorned for an evening visitation from her royal lord and master.

Our model is Miss Jan Kowalski — a 21-year-old Wisconsin girl who throws her 8' 8½", 122 pounds of pulchritude into her role with calculating abandon. Our harem girl surveys 37-24-36, which should please the most demanding sheik.



Rich carpeting, soft lamps,  
lush furs accent a beaded harem girl



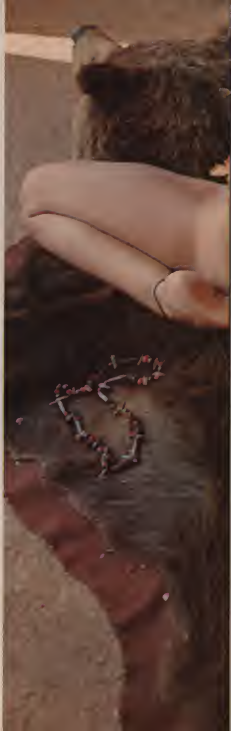


Twilight falls, the candles shed a soft light and a harem girl waits





Twilight falls, the candles  
shed a soft light and a harem girl waits





trying to take him a hundred years ago. What was he? Well, he killed twenty-three men for one thing. Who did he kill? Merely bank tellers, stage coach drivers, train porters, mail clerks and several other assorted types trying to make an honest living, that's who.

James excused his bandit career by telling all who would listen that "the railroads made me go bad..."—supposedly by cheating his mother out of the family farm while Jesse and his brother Frank were "off to war."

The war that Jesse and Frank James were "off to" was riding with Quantrell, the most savage killer the frontier ever knew. Jesse was a mere teenager when he rode off to join his older brother and Quantrell in such massacres as the raid on Lawrence, Kansas, where men, women and children were gunned down in the streets. As a matter of fact, the slight youth was sometimes dressed as a girl to lure Union victims into guerrilla traps.

When the war was over Jesse and Frank gathered up their own group of "riders"—their cousins, the Youngers, and their cousins, the Daltons, and Johnny Ringo—and continued to rob, burn and kill in the name of justice, all the while singing that old outlaw refrain, "They won't let us reform."

The James boys actually became Missouri folk heroes because people actually believed they only killed "Yankees," and shared their loot with the poor. Actually, they robbed Southerners as often as they did Northerners

and never shared their loot with anyone. The James gang terrorized the West for twelve years after the Civil War, and for most of that time they were so powerful that neither lawmen nor citizens dared resist them.

In movies, television and song Jesse James is lauded as the "Robinhood of the West" who was shot down by that no good Charlie Ford. Robinhood Jesse wasn't, but it's true that Charlie Ford was no good. After all, he was Jesse's first cousin and had been a member of his gang for several years, until the good people of Northfield, Minnesota, willed the Youngers and broke up the gang while Jesse was trying to rob their bank.

After that, Jesse married his cousin Zerelda and lived for a time in Tennessee, using the name J. B. Howard. He was visiting his wife when Cousin Charlie and brother Robert paid him a visit.

The movie version had Jesse tacking a "God Bless This Home" sampler to the wall when Charlie shot him. Actually he was sitting down talking to Cousin Robert when Charlie shot him for the \$10,000 reward which he later collected. But the fact that he was shot from behind certainly helped perpetuate the folk-hero worship that still clings to the name of Jesse James and has whitewashed a reputation that was as black as any.

Frank James gave himself up to the Governor of Missouri on October 5, 1882. His lawyers contended that he hadn't been at railroad holdups in

which several innocent men had been killed. The prosecutors couldn't get anyone to say otherwise as people were still afraid of the James gang and the folk-hero ball had already started rolling for Jesse. Frank was acquitted and joined a Wild West show, finally winding up as a starter at a race track. He died February 18, 1915, at home in bed.

It's odd how history has whitewashed the reputation of the James Boys—there was even a network television show last year that showed them as victims of political circumstances—and has possibly blackened reputations of men who were probably not as evil.

Such a man was William H. Bonney II, better known as Billy the Kid. Granted Billy the Kid was a cold-blooded killer, no better than most men who rode the outlaw trail of the West. And he certainly wasn't the "lone-rider" hero that several movies of his life have portrayed him to be, but there is reason to believe that he was anything but the monster that some historians have made him out to be.

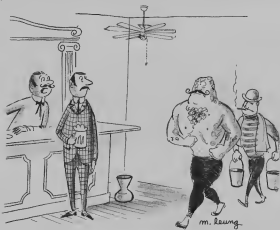
Born in New York City in 1859, Billy's parents moved to Kansas where his father died four years later. His mother married a miner and moved to New Mexico where Billy grew up. He was barely in his teens when he became a cowboy for Cattle King John Chisum, and found himself in the middle of the Lincoln County War. When a posse killed a friend of the Kid's, an Englishman named Tunstall, at the height of the war, Billy swore to "get every son-of-a-bitch who had anything to do with it."

And he did. He killed Sheriff Brady and his deputy, formed a gang and turned outlaw at the age of nineteen. Reputed to be "the fastest gun in the West," Billy killed several men in gunfights, but there is reason to doubt that he actually killed twenty-one, as supposed. Unlike the James boys, who gunned down unarmed clerks and tellers, all of the men Billy the Kid killed were armed and died in gunfights.

While the career of the James boys spanned a dozen years, Billy's career lasted less than two years. He gave himself up to Governor Lew Wallace and testified before a grand jury. Losing faith in Wallace, with whom he had made a deal, Billy rode off and made for Fort Sumner. He was captured by Pat Garrett, a one-time friend of his who had turned traitor for a tin badge to track and hunt down the Kid.

Knowing the rickety Lincoln County

Adams



"Looks like a troublemaker!"

jaul wouldn't hold Billy, Garrett put him in a store with two guards. Realizing he was going to be hanged by his ex-friends, Garrett and Wallace, the Kid snatched a gun and killed the guards. Garrett figured that Billy would head for Pete Maxwell's house as Pete had once been a friend of both Billy and Garrett.

He figured right. Pat Garrett "officially" shot down Billy the Kid on Maxwell's porch and the verdict was justifiable homicide.

But many years later, after Garrett was gone and the Lincoln County War was but a memory, Maxwell told a different version of how Billy the Kid was killed. He said that Pat Garrett shot him to death in a dark room of his house, and that Billy was unarmed at the time. History has made a hero of Pat Garrett and a scoundrel of Billy the Kid. And not even Hollywood was able to whitewash his reputation.

God only knows how it happened. But a mean, ugly, sometimes where, tobacco-chewing female named Martha Jane Canary has somehow become such a folk hero that she's been played on the stage by Ethel Merman and in the movies by Jane Russell, among others. Actually, the frame and profile of Robert Mitchum would have done Calamity Jane better justice if the producers of her life story had been interested in visual authenticity. Not only was Jane ugly, but she wore nothing but men's clothing from the time she was seventeen until she joined a Wild West show in her latter years.

Orphaned at seventeen, Jane became a scout in Captain Pat Egan's company. The column was ambushed one day and Egan was shot. Jane, on horseback, hurried to him, pulled him up on her horse and got him back to the fort. Not only was her reputation established by saving Egan's life but he dubbed her "Calamity Jane, heroine of the plains." At least that is the way she told the story in her Wild West days. People back on the plains said she was called "Calamity" because she had so many husbands and they all died soon after marrying her!

An expert shot with both pistol and rifle, Jane scouted for Guster, drove a mail coach, hunted bandits and moved to each new settlement as it opened up, much as the men of the frontier did in the years after the Civil War. In her biography, which was published a few years before she died in 1903, Jane insinuates that she was Wild Bill Hickok's mistress — a notion that became so popularly accepted that she was buried next to him in

Deadwood, South Dakota, when she died. Actually, her relationship with him was casual at best, and he tolerated her in his presence only when she was on her good behavior, which wasn't often.

Oddly enough, a man who rode with Jesse and Frank James for a while might deserve Jesse's "Robin-hood of the West" mantle. Johnny Ringo was called "the Hamlet of the western stage" and was known to share the rewards of stagecoach hold-ups with more than a few poor settlers and down-and-out friends. Ringo was a morose Southern gentleman, well educated and refined, who often read a dog-eared copy of Shakespeare while waiting to rob a stage on a lonely trail.

Ringo was a cousin of the notorious Younger Brothers and rode with the Clanton robbery and rustling empire. He despised both Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday and swore to kill either of them on sight a short time before he was found dead in Sulphur Springs. His body, with the brains blown out, was propped against a large oak tree. It was never determined who killed him, but both Wyatt Earp and Holliday were suspected.

*Shed not for me one bitter tear, nor give the heart to vain regret. 'Tis but the casket that lies here, the gem that filled it sparkles yet. That is the epitaph carved on Belle Starr's tombstone. Some students of Western history are of the opinion that there were*

two women who used the name Belle Starr, but it is highly doubtful. In a movie about the woman outlaw's life, which starred Gene Tierney, Belle is shown as a misguided Southern belle, who turns outlaw to avenge the wrongs done her and her family by Union soldiers — which is the first half of the story. Born Belle Shirley in Missouri, in 1846, Belle did come from a good family who were Southern sympathizers during the war between the states, and her brother was killed by invading Yankees. A great beauty in her youth, Belle avenged him by luring Union soldiers into deathtraps, and more than one officer in blue was ambushed and killed when he went to keep a date with Belle.

Undoubtedly, the "two Belle Starrs" story began because it is hard to believe that a beautiful, gentle, educated Southern lady would become the swaggering, drinking, old outlaw hen that was Belle in her latter days.

After the Civil war she eloped with Jim Reed, a handsome Southerner who turned to stealing horses for a living in those hard days. Belle gave birth to both a son and a daughter by Reed, who was killed while on a raid in Texas.

Following Reed's death, Belle opened a livery stable in Dallas and spread the word that she was in business. The outlaws that were Reed's friends kept her well supplied with stolen horses which she sold.

—turn to page 46



"I want you to know, Miss Hall, that I'm not the kind of guy who undresses girls with his eyes."

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## Outlaws, from page 45

Around 1877 Belle decided to cut out the middlemen, so she formed a gang of her own and set up a hideout in the Indian territory. Her gang rustled cattle and robbed banks until Belle and her new husband, a Cherokee breed named Sam Starr, were caught and convicted of horse stealing.

Belle spent a year in prison, but she was hardly out before she turned to crime once again. Among her suitors was a banker. She agreed to meet him at the bank one night. While kissing him, Belle stuck a pistol in his ribs and robbed him of \$30,000. Belle had a stake.

She formed a new gang at her old Indian territory hideout, and things were going very well for her until a new man named Watson moved in. She learned that Watson was wanted for murder in Florida. When he got out of hand she threatened to turn him in to the police. The next day Watson hid behind a fence, and when Belle rode by he shot her to death. It was her 43rd birthday.

The gunfighter—the outlaw of the old West—was a rare breed of man, proud and arrogant. Some of them, like Johnny Ringo and Wild Bill Hickok, were gentlemen, quiet, shy. Others were swaggering bullies, but above all they were, to the man, supreme egotists.

A few were sadists, and one such was a man named Doc Holliday. The son of a Confederate army major, Dr. John H. Holliday, earned for himself the title of "the coldest-blooded gunslinger of the old West." He was evil tempered and constantly looking for a fight, a demon with a six-gun. Doc Holliday graduated from a dental college and set up practice in Baltimore. But he contracted tuberculosis and patients wouldn't go near him. His physician advised to him to seek the dry air of the west as he only had two or three years to live.

The dry air of the west suited Holliday in more ways than one. Not only did he live for some twenty years after the physician pronounced his death sentence, but for the most of that time he was able to indulge in his favorite sport—killing.

Faster than sight with his nickel-plated .45 and almost as quick with a knife, he was loyal to no one, not even to the only friend he had, Wyatt Earp.

But Masterson said of him: "I never liked Doc Holliday but tolerated him on Wyatt Earp's account. I actually saw him back down before men he could easily have killed, just because he might embarrass Wyatt..."

Holliday became a shrewd profes-



sional gambler and often staked as much as \$10,000 on the turn of a card. A tall, walking skeleton because of his tuberculosis, he stalked the west from Dodge City to Tombstone, and when the action was slow he'd pick a fight — and always win.

He saved Wyatt Earp's life in the O. K. Corral gunfight in Tombstone by blasting both Tom and Frank McLowery. A gunslinger rather than an outlaw, Doc always stayed within the law — and, with Earp, fought on the side of the law. He always waited until the other man drew first, and the law in those days wasn't really interested in the fact that Doc Holliday often goaded men into drawing on him. He never lost a gunfight and finally died of tuberculosis in a Colorado sanatorium.

such as San Francisco and Virginia City, men shouted themselves hoarse and shot off their six-shooters in her honor. A tall, buxom woman by today's standards, Pauline had jet-black hair and dark, flashing eyes — and the heart of a gunslinger. Tales of the number of men she seduced and the fabulous amounts of money she got from them spread her fame throughout the west. As her beauty began to fade, she played smaller and rougher towns.

But even in those towns Pauline was Queen Bee. She once stood in the middle of a Tombstone street, toying with a six-gun, while two of her lovers shot it out to the finish because Pauline had asked them to prove which one loved her the most. The winner walked over and kissed Pauline

down as testimony of his hatred of anything "Yankee." Six-foot-two, broad of shoulder and slim of hip, the handsome Allison was a proud man, and the poor man who injured his pride was bound for an early grave.

Wild Clay Allison was as colorful as any gunslinger that ever stalked the west. One Christmas day in Canadian, Texas, he stripped to the hide, except for his gunbelts and boots, and whooped up and down the main street, shooting up the town.

Once, when a befuddled dentist pulled the wrong tooth, Allison buffaloed him and pulled half a dozen teeth from the screaming dentist's mouth.

Actually, Allison really wasn't an outlaw — just a fast man with a gun who set out to goad every Yankee he saw into a gunfight. When he wasn't gunning down U. S. Marshals and raising hell, he busied himself raising cattle. In middle age he reformed and became a respectable rancher and finally died from injuries suffered in a fall from a wagon.

The gunfighters lasted on the American scene from the end of the Civil War until the 1890's. The last of them was the Dalton gang.

Bob, Grat and Emmett Dalton were cousins of Jesse James and the Youngers and were related to Johnny Ringo. They started out in life as respectable men, serving as marshals in Fort Smith, Arkansas. But the temptation to follow in the footsteps of their infamous relatives apparently was too great. Leaving the right side of the law, they became bandits, train robbers and the scourge of the Oklahoma plains. Grat and Bob were killed in a shoot-out in Coffeyville, Kansas, and Emmett was sent to prison. After his release from jail, Emmett wrote about his outlaw years and became an advisor to Hollywood movie producers.

The last person to hold up a stage was a woman named Pearl Hart. She stuck up a trunkline coach near Globe, Arizona, just at the turn of the century and earned her place in Western history.

It was a tough breed that rode the West. Some of them were arrogant killers, others quiet and shy, but above all, they had one thing in common. They were all egotists whose ungodly nerves served them to gain a reputation as men among men.

Some of those reputations — such as those of Frank and Jesse James — have been blown completely out of proportion with the passage of time. Others, such as handsome Clay Allison, time has forgotten. ☼



Wyatt Earp earned his reputation as one of the most famous gunfighters of the old West. He had nerves of ice and the courage of a lion. But he wasn't exactly the knight in shining armor that the popular Wyatt Earp television series of a few years back presented. For one thing he always owned saloons, even while serving as sheriff, and was an incessant gambler. And at least one of the saloons Wyatt owned had rooms upstairs where harlots plied their trade. But considering the times, the handsome six-footer was probably as honest as any man around and served well as deputy federal marshal in Tombstone.

Much has been written about the early days of a beautiful actress of the 1870's named Pauline Cushman. When Pauline played theatres in cities

after he'd killed his rival. But Pauline was a decent sort. She insisted on dressing the body of her dead lover, in preparation for his funeral, with her own hands!

As Pauline grew older, fewer and fewer men vied for her affections. She ended up scrubbing floors on San Francisco's Market Street, in the very theatres where she once received standing ovations when she appeared onstage.

The Civil War contributed more to incubating gunfighters than any other influence, and a great percentage of the outlaws of the Old West were well-bred, educated Southerners such as Clay Allison. By the time Allison was twenty-five, he had left a trail of dead men from Kansas to Arizona. He especially despised Northern marshals and went out of his way to gun them

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Suzanne says flattery is a route to everywhere (travelog on next page)



**NOAM's Eve**  
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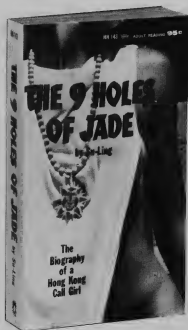




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Wayne, from page 33

her breath fire on his back. Would she? Yes, she might, she would. It was that bad for her. "Stay till tomorrow," she said, "I'll go with you then, Eddie. I promise."

He lay back down. Weak, weak, weak. Always, he was giving in, backing off, running away, being pushed and pulled in a million directions until he had no shape, no self, nothing to look at and recognize as himself. Eddie hated himself. He lay on the bed and Karen Sue crawled up on him and all but raped him. But there was nothing left to rape, he wanted to tell her, there's none of me left. And yet this fox really needed him, really did love him, and so there was something of himself left, there had to be. No one had ever needed Eddie Platt before; he had lived for twenty years and until now he'd never meant that much to anyone. It was something to be needed; he liked it; he didn't understand it, but he liked it.

Quite a while later, when it was dark outside as well as inside, Karen Sue, dressed only in panties and bra, went to the TV set and flipped the channel selector.

"Maybe I can find another John Wayne movie," she said.

And a light went on inside him, just like that. Click. A warming glow spread through him as he watched Karen Sue, the tilted head, the slender arm stretched out, the fingers on the dial, the girlish grace of her figure; it was as if she had always been there, finding another and still another John Wayne movie for him, always *would* be there because John Wayne stood for something that was important, something that would not let him alone.

And then Karen Sue, not finding John Wayne either, came back to the bed, and the glow was like warm honey oozing through him. She might always be there, if he wanted it, coming to his bed to watch John Wayne with him (not because they loved John Wayne but because it was going to mean something to them in a way they would never be able to explain to each other).

Karen Sue and Eddie were asleep when the knocking on the door began. Eddie got off the bed and walked across the room, already wide awake, his heart beginning to thud, his arms and legs watery. His mind was clear, his thought ordered. Too long, he said to himself again and again; you waited too long, Platt, and now they're out there, either two MPs or Ronnie Lee, and he had no idea what he was going to do after he opened the door and found out who it was.

Ronnie Lee. Yeah, he was a big one, all right. Just as Karen Sue had said. Lots of muscles and hard looking top, a Texas cowboy in skintight Levi jeans and jacket, leather boots and a ten-gallon hat. The universal bad guy, Texas style, Eddie thought. He eased into the room like two hundred years of bad Texas cats before him, right past Eddie, ignoring him for the moment, and stopped at the foot of the bed.

"Missus Brown," he said, looking right at Karen Sue. "I'm lookin' for a Missus Brown."

Karen Sue, naked except for bra and panties, sat up and started at him, wordless.

"Well, looksee here," Ronnie Lee said. "Just as I expected. There ain't no Missus Brown here - just my little old sister, Karen Sue. Hiya, Karen Sue." He bowed slightly, grinning debonairly. "Ain't ya got a word of greeting for your brother?"

Karen Sue said nothing.

"Well then, girl." His voice turned cold, menacing. "Get up off that bed and get your things on. Right fast. I'm takin' you home."

Karen Sue's no nearly didn't reach Eddie's ear.

"Don't sass me now," Ronnie Lee said, inching closer to the bed. "Just do as I say. Now, Karen Sue."

"She doesn't want to go with you," Eddie said, his voice riding firm on wavering breath.

Ronnie Lee turned slowly to Eddie, standing slightly crouched like a big cat thinking of pouncing but not quite ready yet. He seemed to be studying Eddie, toying with him, letting him agonize.

"I don't know you, Mister Brown," he said finally. "I'm gonna pretend you ain't here, and that you didn't say nothin'. Dig? If you're smart, Mister Brown, you'll pretend you ain't here too." Then, just as slowly, he turned away, moving his weight like a boxer, cocking his dark head toward Karen Sue, dropping his slabby hands low on his hips. "I'm waitin', girl," he said to Karen Sue.

Eddie heard the violence building under Ronnie Lee's drawl. He had been dismissed, handed his out. All he had to do was go and there would be no trouble, no beating. The door was there behind him, still open, a few steps away. Eddie looked at Karen Sue and saw that she was now looking at him, and the need he saw in her eyes was sharp and unmistakable. But then she had to look back at her brother, because he had lunged forward, reaching for her. Karen Sue rolled to one side, nearly getting away,

but he caught her with one hand, jerked her toward him, and slapped her cheek once, hard, with his palm. He cuffed her with a backhand on the other cheek, then brought his hand back and hit her a third time. Each time her head snapped around, and the tears sprung to her eyes like bubbles of acid.

She looked at Eddie once more, a frantic glance, then slumped to the floor beside the bed. She was defeated, yet she would remain impassively resistant now, making each step of the journey back to Brownsville as difficult for Ronnie Lee as it would be for her. He dragged her to her feet, but as soon as he let go of her she dropped to the floor, curling into a defensive ball against the side of the bed. This time Ronnie Lee grabbed her by her hair and lifted her until only her toes were touching the floor. Then he drove his fist into her soft white stomach and the air gushed from her with a whooshing sound. Her mouth dropped open, searching for new air, and her upper body kicked forward trying to double up, but he held her erect until it seemed her hair would burst from her scalp.

There had been nothing in Eddie's short life to equal Ronnie Lee. Nothing, not his father, not the Army, nothing, Karen Sue couldn't return to that; a return to Ronnie Lee was a death sentence. Right and might? The words drummed back into Eddie's thoughts. They had been until now just words—words, meaningless words tossed about in a vacuum. But right and might didn't exist in a void, they existed only in relation to something real, something concrete, something that mattered. And now everything that had ever mattered in his life was coming together here in this hotel room—his father, the Army, Karen Sue (her most of all)—and now he had to do the right thing to begin to wipe out all the wrong he'd done before. He had a reason to be right now—Karen Sue—like John Wayne always had a reason—the stage that had to go through, the fort that had to be saved. Yeah, good old John. And the might be damned.

Eddie landed on Ronnie Lee's back and clung, a wasp stinging. He bore in, clubbing at the Texan's ears, forcing him to his knees. Then Ronnie Lee humped up, flipping his pest down over his shoulders head first, slipping away, grasping, to the rug, where he lay defenseless at the Texan's booted feet. *Thunk!* The first boot caught Eddie on the ribs, the second lower in the softness of his gut, the third, sickeningly, in his groin. And then Eddie's

old friend pain was with him again, surging through his body like crackling electricity. Ah, God, but it was sweet pain and Eddie twisted around and threw his arms about Ronnie Lee's ankles, thrust his shoulder forward, and grunted in ecstasy as the Texan toppled backward to the floor.

Eddie scrambled to his knees and dove. Had he been quicker, he might have landed on top of Ronnie Lee, but the Texan had time to get a knee in Eddie's way and throw him off to one side. Eddie never got off his back. Ronnie Lee's knee shot down under his throat this time, grinding in, pinning him. Then Ronnie Lee began flailing him. Eddie felt a lip pop and hot blood run back into his throat. A tooth broke, dropping against his tongue. He shut his eyes, thrust upward, then stopped struggling. His head throbbed, sickness and dizziness washed through him. He prayed for the merciful blackness to roll over him and end it.

But Karen Sue had reached the phone and called for help. It came now, in the form of a hotel detective, a graying terrier of a man, snarling into the room. Ronnie Lee looked up, pushed himself to his feet, and started for the detective. The hotel man calmly flipped aside the front of his suit coat and removed a snub-nosed revolver from its holster. He pointed the gun at Ronnie Lee's heart, and the Texan slowed down fast. They stood there, fascinated by each other for about thirty seconds, and then the hotel manager bounced into the room. He called for the police and a doctor and helped Karen Sue put Eddie on the bed. She sat down beside him and held a wet towel against his mouth until the bleeding stopped.

When he could talk, Eddie said, "You won't have to go back with him now. The police will see to that."

"But you," she said, "The MPs will come now."

"It's all right. I have to go back, you know."

"What will they do to you, Eddie?"


"Throw me in a pen, kick me around once in a while. Then, someday, I'll get out and I'll come find you."

She put her face against his, lightly touching his lips with hers.

"I'll be waiting," she said.

"We'll watch TV," Eddie said.

"All the John Wayne movies in the world."

"John Wayne never runs," Eddie said. He grinned at Karen Sue, the pain delighting him, and then he rolled his face into her warm lap and closed his eyes. 





When Hobie Eastwell, entrepreneur, came back from Small Planet ZZZ-110 in Messier V, he did not come back alone. He went out in the Iris Melachres alone, but he had company when he returned. He had Glug.

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In pursuit of number one and num-

—turn the page

by Marlon Ellison

Hobie Eastwell was always after a money-making proposition and women—in that order

# GLUG



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Hobie Eastwell was  
always after a money-  
making proposition  
and women—in that order



# GLUG

ber two, Hobie Eastwell had sunk all his gains from the Venus Plaid Desert stock fraud into an inerspace ship—and blasted off for the Perimeter in search of nothing specific. But he was certain that time and effort and the natural cunning that lay waiting close to the surface of his mind would bring him a money-making scheme. Anything could be turned to advantage. It was time for a big score; he had been bumming far too long; he wanted to stop running and settle down in wealthy languor.

He had covered over two hundred worlds in the five months he had been in space. Inhabited worlds, cannibal worlds, settlers' worlds and jungle worlds. Worlds of primitive culture and worlds of strange offshoot. He had landed and assayed them, and taken off again; pressing outward constantly, in search of that one indefinable goldmine idea that would set him up for the rest of his life with number one and number two.

But he had encountered nothing worthwhile. The natives had sharpened up from their first encounters with the expanding wave of Terran immigrants and were no longer willing to trade a holdload of pitchblende for three credits and fifty plaits worth of stylish beads and a kazoo.

The offshoot worlds were unfriendly, most of their populations having been forced to flee Terra for religious or factional reasons, and now that they had settled they wanted no interlopers to tell them how strange and ungodly were their vegetarian cultures or their segregationist cultures or any one of hundreds of other cultures that had sprung into being.

There were plenty of primitive worlds, of course, and rocks unfit for humans—like Fenerabola with its fire and flame and death, or Titi IV that was a ball of water and clouds and dark toothed shapes that swam in the endless seas. There was Wallus with a chieffy neon atmosphere and Quixote that had winds of five hundred miles per hour and Kirkis I with herds of ant-like creatures that feasted on flesh. There were lots of worlds, but no gold mines in the sky—as Hobie often thought of them.

That is until he found the galaxy tagged in the plot-tank as Messier V. Even then, he might have found nothing had he not stucked in on Small Planet BBB-110.

And to compound the coincidence, even a landing on that idyllic countryside of a world might have brought no reward—for Hobie was not seeking peace and rest, but wealth and ease—had he not landed near a community

of glugs.

The landing was uneventful, and a cursory triple-circum-astrogation of the tiny world showed no intelligent life forms. At least none that had constructed waterways, highways, buildings or villages.

Hobie set the *Iris Malachée* down on a plain composed of a strange yellow-gold moss. The aft burners shriveled the moss for half a mile behind the ship, and as the tubes cracked and popped with their cooling, Hobie slid into his light pressure suit and prepared to disembark.

He strapped on the chest console with its gauging devices; his intention was to take fast readings of the planet for worthwhile minerals and get off again as fast as he could. Hobie disliked settling for too long. Trouble had a way of catching you if you sat still too long.

The ramp slid down from the ship and Hobie disembarked without event. The moss was golden and rich as far as he could see, and through the filtration valve on his suit he detected a pungent, sweet odor to it.

At the far edge of his vision, something was moving.

Allowing the gauges and counters on the console to do their work untended, Hobie strode out across the plains of moss to see what it was.

The thing was not as far away as he had supposed. The planet itself was not large as he had imagined, but really quite small. It was an animal.

That was the first time man met Glug.

The creature was round as a butterball with six tiny pad-like legs protruding from its underside, keeping it a few inches from the ground. Its head was a small protuberance on the leading side of the egg shape that was the belly. The creature was completely covered with glistening blue fur.

From its fur-surrounded mouth, a tiny forked tongue of lavender flicked in even, methodical stabs. It was eating the golden moss. As Hobie strode up to it, it seemed to take no notice.

An involuntary "Owwwahhh" came from Hobie. It was that sort of animal. It was cuddlesome; it made you want to gather it up and just hug it till it purred... or barked... or lowed... or whatever it did. It was the perfect pet, for it was small and cute and affection provoking. So, the "Ahhh" of affection from the stolid Mr. Eastwell. He stood and loved it for a full three seconds before the creature turned from its meal and looked up with big blue eyes—very human eyes.

"Glug!"

It neither barked nor meowed nor

mooed nor anything else a Terran animal would do, it glugged. A warm, bubbly, thoroughly likeable sound, it glugged at Hobie, and its little forked tongue made a clever circular movement about its mouth.

Hobie was enchanted.

Hobie was overcome.

Hobie was thinking.

A natural! A downright, unbelievable natural. He clicked off the chest console. Radioactives were a waste of time. He had found his gold mine.

The creature—the glug—did not even flinch as Hobie stooped and gathered it into his arms. A bit of golden moss hung to the whisker-fur of the creature.

One was enough, for a start. In fact, one was all that was needed. The harder to come by he made the glug, the better were his chances of making a killing. Hobie had it figured down to the decimal point.

Terra was an old world sated with its own accomplishments. It was looking for new thrills, new emotions, new pleasures. And the glug would be a natural. On a world where everything was old, here was something new. He would get publicity for the glug. He would build it into a sensation. He would make it desirable and inaccessible—and expensive. The wealthiest people on Terra would bid for the pet. For it was the only one of its kind. A fortune lay sleeping in Hobie's lap as he toiled the *Iris Malachée* through inerspace on a rigamarole course for Terra.

The involved, backtracking, mis-leading course would throw off anyone who might tamper with the plot-tank later, in hopes of discovering where Hobie had found Glug. He had touched down on many worlds, and the chance of anyone finding Small Planet BBB-110 was negligible. His investment was safe.

In the hold of the ship was a good supply of the golden moss which, it had turned out, the glug ate to the exclusion of all other food. That had provided yet another means of attaining the wealth he desired. The glug would cost a small fortune for anyone, but the real money was going to come from the moss. If the purchaser wanted to protect his investment, keep his pet alive, he would have to buy the moss—from Hobie.

There was a million, no—a helluva lot of millions—in this promotion. All he had to do was sell the glug and he was set up for life. No more bumming the star routes, no more conniving and shady deals, no more running from the

— turn to page 86



Tracy wakes up in a pensive mood after her lazy siesta on a sultry California afternoon

## LITTLE BLUE GIRL

**YOUNG AND PETITE** Tracy Ames doesn't need to look through rose-colored glasses at the world around her. She has a fresh and engaging viewpoint toward life which is an integral or built-in part of her very nature. Tracy is a romantic, a dreamer.

A small but secluded house in Brentwood is Tracy's hideaway, where she roams freely and aimlessly, caught up in her own daydreams of the wonderful happenings waiting for her in a future she knows will be exciting and fulfilling. "There are so many great big marvelous things to do and see," she told us, "and I can hardly wait to really get started doing and seeing them!"

Tracy feels she is now on the verge of making a forward leap into a new and wildly fascinating life, but she doesn't yet know what role she wants to play in it. "It's like my getting dressed for a date," she explains. "I don't know if the green gown or the grey suit is the right thing to wear."



Twenty-year-old Tracy muses about her clothes for the evening and her future full of wonderment











Tracy attends junior college in Santa Monica and works part time in a bookstore for extra money. "I like to read," she explained. "And I find I learn a lot from books. But dreams don't come true by just reading about them." Though it seems likely that Tracy's luminous 36-22-36 charms will be spotted by some wistful-eyed and tender dreamer who will help make her fondest wishes come true! ☻

Tracy's moods are a kaleidoscope of dreamy types — she is the always changing girl next door





*A four letter word did the job until prejudice made circumvention necessary*

## WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD?

by Robert Knox

Some few months ago, during one of the quieter spells on the nationally notorious Berkeley campus, a picketing student was arrested for "outraging public decency." What was it he had done that was so horrible? Well, at the time of his arrest, he was carrying a sign on which was printed a single word.

Now, this word, a rather functional one describing the sexual act, appearing at least once between the covers of almost every modern novel, was put to good and frequent use by many of the older poets such as Robert Burns, and can be found scrawled in profusion upon the walls of our nation's men's rooms. In short, it is extremely doubtful that there exists in our society anyone above the age of, say, ten, who is not acquainted with the word.

It could be argued, then—as it was in at least one prominent men's magazine not too long after the Berkeley incident—that it should be impossible to be "outraged" by the public use of a word if you know its meaning, and doubly so if you don't, so why all the fuss? A neat argument, granted, but with all due respect to the magazine's crusading spirit, one that holds, as they say, very little water.

The "fuss," having almost nothing to do with the meaning of the word, has everything to do with the emo-

—turn the page

tions which surround such meaning. The word in question is strictly tabooed. In fact, twice tabooed. For it not only carries with it a shame-association with the genital act, but, as we know, it is often used in the manner in which the picketing student used it, to convey in terms of emotion the very depths of contempt.

All of which perhaps points up the real issue: this marvelously sharp, four letter onomatopoeia, which was once freely used in mixed company as the polite term for what it describes, has in fact degenerated into a double-barreled obscenity, and has left us with a gaping hole (no pun intended) in the language.

To explain how or why this happened is to belabor history unnecessarily, especially the history of the Victorian Age. Suffice it to say that it did indeed happen, that it happened then, and ever since it happened we have been without a good, sound, robust single word — functioning either as a noun or an action verb — which descriptively and emotionally conveys the idea and feeling of the sex act, yet does not carry with it a host of confusing, mincing, furtive connotations which all but obscure the intended meaning.

Consider, if you will, a hypothetical young couple, nude and impassioned, retiring to a bed or couch, joyfully eager to — what? *Have sexual intercourse*. This legalistic term will certainly apply if their couch is an adulterous one and, having been caught in the act, they are subsequently hauled into court. But used in a circumstance denoting love and affection, the term is at best awkward. Where did they find this sexual intercourse which they had? Presto! There was sexual intercourse; one moment they were not having it, next moment they were. Sounds much like a strawberry ice cream soda. Likewise, if they merely *have sex*.

Perhaps our couple takes to their couch to *make love*. A charming phrase, and certainly one which bespeaks creativity. But what is the nature of this love which they make? What does it look like? When they have finished, what is the ponderable, measurable result of their creative efforts? What ontological argument labels and sustains it? Really now! If they made anything at all, they have perhaps made a baby.

Well, then, do they *lie together*? They could, if such is their desire. All night long. Without so much as touching each other. They could even place a Wagnerian sword between them-

selves, were they poetically inclined. Or they could even lie together *after* doing something else. But the phrase tells us nothing of what went on before.

Shall they simply *copulate*, then? Immediately, the word suggests two laboratory specimens, guinea pigs perhaps, unwitting participants in a breeding experiment. And if our couple decides to have *carnal knowledge* of one another, they merely scrape cell tissue from one another for microscopic examination. Or, escaping the laboratory, they find themselves in court once more, being charged with some obscure sex crime by a stern-faced magistrate. "The defendants are charged with having carnal knowledge without consent. How do you plead?"

More robustly, perhaps he shall *lay*



her. Well and good, but the term certainly implies a very aggressive attitude on the part of the *layer* towards the *layee*, does it not? He chases her around the room a few times and, at last closing the distance between them, dives at her flashing legs in a flying tackle. Pow! He bowls her over, knocks her cold, lays her out! Much too aggressive? Well, then, perhaps they both *get laid*. Now we have gone from the actively aggressive to the passively ridiculous. They chase and tackle each other? Simultaneously? More than a little difficult to imagine, wouldn't you say? Or perhaps no one chases anyone; perhaps they merely *Some invisible love-god to lay them both?*

How about having them *sleep to-*

gether? A commonly used term indeed, but one that suggests that people never sleep side by side except after having had some kind of sexual contact — which is, of course, absurd. The term, in fact, is reminiscent to this writer of the story of the sailor who, following liberty, was being quizzed by a buddy as to how he "made out" with a certain girl, "Did you sleep with her?" the buddy finally asked. "Not a wink!" replied the sailor. "Not a wink!"

We could track even further into the swamps of euphemism and have him *enjoy her* (and, presumably, she him), or let them be *intimate*, or let him *serve* or *service her*. In the first instance, they might very well enjoy each other, in the sense of appreciating one another's charm, wit and personality, without ever removing hat or glove, while in the second sense of the term the could both be mother naked and sexually entwined, and yet find each other very dull indeed. In the second instance, we have only to recall that we have often been *intimate* — that is, keenly aware of desires and ambitions — with friends of our own sex, without ever having been homosexual. And the third instance, depending upon whether we use *serve* or *service*, either conjures up an image of the rutting, snorting stallion, or suggests that perhaps she needs a new picture tube and her tuning condenser cleaned.

There are countless other circumlocutions referring to the sexual act, but these, the more common among them, surely illustrate the point of all this — such terms are not invalid, but they carry with them too many other meanings; they are at best mincing; at worst, distorting. If we want to say with neutral clarity exactly what it is that our young couple has done, or is doing, we really have no word for it, since the one legitimate word we once had is now either a shameful or pejorative thing. We either whisper it uncomfortably, or carry it about on a sign condemning the Establishment.

The oft-quoted Confucius once wrote: "If language is not used rightly, then what is said is not what is meant. If what is said is not what is meant, then that which ought to be done is left undone; if it remains undone, morals and art will be corrupted; if morals and art are corrupted, justice will go awry, and if justice goes awry, then the people will stand about in helpless confusion."

Could it be that, at least in some small part, the confusion of our times is due to the lack of a good word meaning? Well, you know.



"I, Joseph Armbruster McPherson, being of sound mind and body, do hereby bequeath my entire estate, both real and personal, to my darling, my wondrous, my delight, my sweet chauffeur, Bobby Vincent Le Clair..."



*She swam to the beach, a golden-skinned dream  
from the sapphire blue, into the arms of a waiting  
frogman*

---

# ADVENTURES IN PARADISE

---

by Brett Howard

The first time I ever saw her, one hundred and ninety-six other eyes were focused on her, too—all eyes accelerating optic nerves to the brain causing the only logical thought to ensue — *what a beautiful doll.*

She was on water skis, skimming across the top of the water of Sapphire Beach — appropriately named, where the water was sapphire blue, the sand of the beach egg-shell white and sparkling with tiny crystals. Her long blonde hair was blowing in the breeze and her body, golden tan, was a symmetry of female form, one of those lovely shapes which are terrible objects of complications and difficulties in life, especially for their owners — and their lovers.

We were ninety-nine members of the Underwater Demolition Team commonly referred to as the U.D.T., training in the Caribbean on an island that was a veritable paradise, despite the fact that the snakes had all been chased away by the mongooses and there were a multitude of Adams — and at that moment a single Eve.

We had just completed swimming the first half of our daily two-mile swim around the island and had surfaced for a brief refresher, when we saw her offshore, following in the foamy white wake of a fast speedboat.

"Man, what a doll!" whistled my buddy, "Skeets" Callagher, and his comment was echoed by his team

partner, "Louis the Louse" Jamison. They were sitting, their knees haunched under their chins like most of the group, while I was standing with my binoculars, apparently observing the seas and the terrain and oblivious, so far as they knew, to the vision of female pulchritude my hungry eyes were feasting on. But I was studying in full detail every curve of her body, every angle of her exquisite face. Already I knew there was a delicious crescent of tiny freckles across the bridge of her perky nose under her enormous black-eyed susan eyes.

I heard Louis Whisper, "Get the Old Man, Sir Calahad. I'll bet Mr. Clean hasn't even spotted her, and if he did he'd think she was some kind of a fish."

Old Man, Sir Calahad, Mister Clean — in every male group guys get monickers — these were mine. I was the Old Man, aged twenty-six, because I was staff, an officer; Sir Calahad, because I was too often in the position of having to call the team into close haul so far as broads were concerned; and Mr. Clean, not only because of my personal habits of hygiene, but because of a certain resemblance I admittedly bore to a currently popular TV commercial, an animated cartoon advertising a powerful detergent. But what the men called me, or what I called them, was of little import. We were a team — a team of frogmen be-

ing trained to live, fight and survive at the bottom of the sea.

It was late afternoon when we swam back around the projecting rocks of Brewers Bay into the placid waters of Magen's Bay. We were swimming in formation fifty feet beneath the surface when I signaled the men to surface, and as we came up to see the mile long stretch of ecru beach fringed with tall palm trees separating the adjoining jungle from the beach area, there she was — swimming with the sun festooning her gracious body with magical rainbows. We carried her to shore, where we deposited her, baffled and somewhat taken aback by the spectacle of ninety-nine frogmen, fully outfitted like denizens of the deep, surrounding her admiringly as she stood in our midst.

I removed my mask and said, "Par-don us, ma'am, we didn't mean to disturb your swim."

She glared at me, her brown eyes shooting electrons of fire. I knew she wasn't really mad, but annoyed, and from her silent stare and her rush from our group up the hill I knew she was a spoiled brat. But I had already suspected this. I had seen her type before. The team looked at me in disbelief. We had a mermaid, and, son of a bitch that I was, I let her go. I said, "At ease," and started the trek back to the barracks.

There was a good thing about training in the Caribbean. Except for the long hours of physical work testing our endurance, we were allowed peacetime privileges, civilian dress, and when we journeyed about to the sundry night spots, we were indistinguishable from any other loud-shirted tourists trying to learn the limbo, get laid, or maybe make a few friends among the natives and the "continentals" — Americans who had moved to the island to live.

That night I decided to go with Skeets and the Louse to the Pink Barrel, one of the favorite hangouts of the team. When we entered the joint was packed, mostly with the other members of our team. They were instantly watching and listening with grins on their faces. The golden girl was sitting on the piano, singing in a low, husky Julie London-type voice.

"I could have swum all night, I could have swum all night, I'll never swim again..." To the tune of "I Could Have Danced All Night" she was composing her own lyrics about her afternoon swim interrupted by the team. Then at the applause and call of "More! More!" She began another song.

"Every little frogman has a flipper  
— turn the page

all his own..." There was a sexy insolence in her taunting lyrics, and a look of provocation as she fastened her eyes on me. When she had finished and the steel band began to play, I moved through the crowd surrounding her and pulled her to my side and said, "Let's dance, Baby!"

I would never win a prize as a dancer, but there was a rhythm in her movements to which I responded with ease, and I even began to think I was doing a neat fantastic, until I caught the pained expression on her face, and said, "Let's get out of here."

Holding my hand she followed me, leaving the team wide-eyed and bugged, especially Skeets and the Louse.

Out of the dungeon filled with the smell of booze and overly warm bodies, we started to walk along the cobbled street, the sound of the music drifting out of the club into the stilled night air. Suddenly, she stopped. "Just where are you taking me, Mister Frog-man?"

With the light of the moon cascading on her body, encased in a tight-fitting white job highlighting the roundness of her bronzed bare shoulders and making her hair look like the continuation of a moonbeam, I wanted to say what I was thinking—to bed—but there was a quality about her that stopped me and made me stutter and say like some fool kid. "I don't know. Anywhere, just to get out of that goddamned stinkhole."

"I liked that damned stinkhole. It's fun and at least there, I'm not bored."

She was nailing me to the cross with every word, not so much with the meanings of her words, but with the icy manner in which she was talking.

"Well, then let's go back," I said with a pose of indifference.

She took hold of my sleeve. "Let's go for a ride." She pointed to the top of the mountain. "Up there. Touch the stars."

We got into her car, if you could call it a car—a two-seated, pink, baby Fiat, with a silly, striped awning top with fringe on it like an old-time surrey. My long legs and wide shoulders made me look a bit ridiculous in the car.

She laughed and said in a sort of hard-boiled way, "If your ass matched your shoulders you'd never make it. Thank God, they don't."

She was an expert driver, taking dangerous curves with skill and accuracy; alert for native-born taxi drivers carried away by power of U.S. made cars. We reached the top of the mountain and went into the hotel bar and had a couple of banana daiquiris,

while we sat overlooking the island, dark and sleeping, but lighted here and there sufficiently to give the effect of stars having fallen to the earth, removing all barriers of space.

I learned she was from New York—Manhattan—and that she was "just visiting" on the island, one of her stops in her perennial "running." I asked her if she was a "show-girl," and she laughed in the low quiet way that she had been laughing, sort of sadly, and said, "Me? I haven't any talent. Except, maybe, for making love."

We left when the bar closed and drove down the far side of the mountain. Although I hadn't said anything, I knew that we were both of a single mind. We drove to the same beach where I had first seen her, and before my eyes she dropped off her clothes and threw herself into the water. I quickly followed and when I caught up with her I said, "You're a fool. These waters are filled with hungry barracuda."

She grinned. "Are you kidding? I know most of them. And they know me. Curious fellows."

We swam back to shore and dried ourselves on the mammoth beach towels, she carried in her car, and then we lay down.

Sex, in a man's life, at least in my life, is omnipresent, woven into my very being, but sex and love had never been synonymous. I had known sex, easily, but I had never known love. But when I took her girl-body into mine I knew that I was hooked, and I felt that this girl-woman responded with a desire to be loved only by me.

As we lay in a pose of nonchalance one acquires, smoking our cigarettes, eyes cast upon the stars, she said, "Tell me about yourself."

I thought for a moment. What was there to tell? Welcome, life. I go forth to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience. Would she understand? "There isn't much to tell. When I complete this stretch, I'll return home unless there's a war and be what I was born to be—a fisherman."

She sat up on her elbow. "A real fisherman?"

I laughed. "I suppose so. My father, my grandfather, my great-grandfather—we're a race of fishermen."

Staring at me, she looked perplexed and then laughed, a sort of hysterical laugh. "Oh my God. It would happen."

"What?" I asked.

"Melody..."

That, believe it or not, was her name.

"Melody and the complete Hem-

mingway existentialist hero!" She rose, re-dressed and jumped into her car.

I joined her and we drove, in silence, back to the headquarters. As she let me out of the car, we made a date to meet at the "French Yacht Club," as she had dubbed the bar, a bar in Cha-Cha town filled with natives and an occasional tourist, but off limits to my team.

When I awoke in the morning the sky was bright blue, and there were no clouds hanging over the top of our mountain. Outside my room, a goat was poised on a delapidated rowboat. He jerked his head when I waved at him, and went running to join some other goats munching on scrub plants at the base of the hill.

I felt good, happy and alive, and when I joined the team, I knew from the expression on their faces that they knew something had happened to me, something that had happened to most of them.

Men in a group, trained as a group, become a group—with their reflexes attuned to group behavior, their thoughts group oriented. The detachment of a single individual can cause concern.

During the day, the group sensed that my mind was preoccupied. And it was. My eye was on my watch, waiting for the hour when I would meet Melody and see if she were real, see if what I felt was real.

After the fourth night spent with her—nights spent in the guest house of old friends whom I never met but knew by reputation (a wealthy continental and his alcoholic sister, about whom incestuous rumors floated), nights which we both knew were cementing the foundation of something more serious and more permanent than a casual romance—I returned just before dawn, stepped cautiously into my room in the officer's quarters, turned on the light switch and there in the glaring brightness sat a sleepy-eyed Skeets and the Louse.

"What the hell?" I asked.

They were embarrassed, but got right to the point. "Listen, Old Man. We think you ought to know. You're playing with dynamite."

"Isn't that what we're all doing?" I thought that was what we were all here learning—how to lay dynamite without getting burnt."

There was a moment of silence.

"But hell, man, this is a different kind of dynamite," said the Louse slowly.

"Don't get us wrong," said Skeets apologetically "God, it's great to finally know that you're human, too. But, Old





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Man . . .

Skeets was inarticulate because he was not a very communicative man. The Louise finished the thought. "It's simple, Old Man, you've picked the wrong word."

I moved like a panther toward him but my movements were futile. Skeets outmaneuvered me and held me with my hands behind my back while I listened to the Louise.

"It's not that she's been around. Hell, who hasn't? It's that she's no good—a kept society whore. She belongs to the guy who owns that yacht."

They dragged me to the window and pointed out the most elaborate ship we had seen anchored in any of the Caribbean harbors. We all knew the owner by name and reputation, a degenerate multimillionaire who had snatched many a young chick out of the arms of many a member of the UPT.

"How do you know?" I asked, meanwhile realizing that aside from knowing all about her in bed I didn't know very much about her actual life—this was the cocoon the love goddess Venus wove around her victims.

I knew that Melody had money, but money had meant nothing to either of us. She and I had paid like friends or buddies for the food, liquor and wines we had consumed. It had been part of the fun, a form of camaraderie in which we were both aware that today you paid for everything you got. I remember once teasing her about the huge diamond ring she wore—a cold white rock that glistened even in the dark—and that she had stopped wearing it once I had commented. "That's a pretty vulgar display of glass."

The words of the Louise were beating against my ears. She was a well-known Circe who had a reputation of destroying men. Her identity had been revealed by Grant Snyder, the most recent addition to the team, a Manhattan-born Yale graduate who did not know Melody, but knew her "sponsor," and had often been a guest at his notorious orgies. It was impossible (as even I knew) for Melody to be his traveling companion and not be one of his many possessions.

For me it was a bad day where not even the heavy physical schedule could obliterate my unpleasant thoughts. And it was a worse night. When I met Melody that evening I was pretty well brainwashed, and with her feminine intuition she knew something was wrong. I tried to blunt my emotions by drinking too much, but I finally blurted out what I was thinking. I don't even know

—turn to page 74



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When marriages are frowned on and births are illegal, a guy has a definite need for an artificial companion

# GEL OF MY DREAMS

by Jack Donne

John Stafford did not make much money as a minor clerk in the Los Angeles division of the Bureau of Population Control. But in order to buy himself a Gel he did without a new car, without lunches and made innumerable other sacrifices. In a world where marriages were frowned on and births were illegal, an artificial companion was a definite must.

The salesman had been a cynical, insulting fellow. "Male or female?"

"Female, of course," said Stafford.

"There's no 'of course' about it," replied the man, "in this area the male line far outsells the female. And our customers are not

—turn the page



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## Gel of My Dreams, from page 71

women."

"Well, not everyone in Hollywood..."

"Fine, fine," said the salesman, interrupting impatiently. "I'm a busy man, Mr. Stafford. Now which model would you prefer?"

"Model?"

"Yes, would you like a five-year-old female, a twelve-year-old one? Or one about eighteen? Or perhaps you'd like our special silver-haired sixty-year-old?"

"Don't be absurd," said Stafford, a bit angry. "I'd like one about eighteen years old."

"No 'absurd' about it, Mr. Stafford..."

"I know, the silver-haired grandmother far outsells the younger models in this area."

"Not at all. The twelve-year-old is far and away the best seller. Frankly, I own one myself and it is quite a sweet little treat. About four-feet-ten with plump little rosebud breasts and narrow hips which would just..."

"Eighteen-years-old," repeated Stafford stubbornly.

"Fine, fine. What sort of statistics do you require?"

"Listen, buddy, I'm not interested in a population curve. I just want one eighteen-year-old Gel. And I don't intend to reproduce with her."

"Oh, reproduction is quite against the law. Why do you think our Gels sell so briskly?"

"Don't tell me, I work in the population office. And I'm heartily sick of statistics."

"Not our kind of statistics, Mr. Stafford. For instance, would you like a forty-four inch bust and hips with a twenty inch waist on a five foot frame, or a 50-22-36 on a six foot frame? The possibilities are infinite and only you can decide."

"34-22-34," answered Stafford quickly. He knew what he wanted in that area.

"Really?" said the salesman in surprise. "We haven't had a request for a 34 inch bust in three years of operation. I take that back; a Japanese gentleman requested one of that size a few months back. But he returned her for additional silicone."

"Don't argue with me," snapped Stafford.

"Whatever you want," said the salesman, shrugging his shoulders.

"What about erogenous zones—hands, mouth, buttocks..."

"Genital."

"Genital?"

"Yes. And just genital?"

"Just? You're a pretty strange one, Mr. Stafford, if you don't mind a per-

sonal comment. Are you sure you don't want mouth and tongue? I mean, they all come with genital erogenous zones, but who uses them? I mean after all, a real female would be willing to do that for nothing."

"Are you buying her or am I?"

"You are, Mr. Stafford. But let me tell you, it will be quite expensive if you bring her back and we have to build in additional erogenous zones."

"Don't worry about that. I know what I want."

"Fine, fine." The salesman smiled slyly. "You will save yourself quite a bit of money with such a stripped down model. I congratulate you on your sense of thrift."

"There is one thing I would like special."

"Yes?" The salesman waited with obscene expectation.

"I'd like her to be able to eat in public with me."

"Eat in public? You realize, Mr. Stafford, that all she requires is our inexpensive salt solution, replenished daily under normal operating conditions." The salesman recaptured his sly smile. "Want to show her off around town, eh, Mr. Stafford? Walk her into a nice little restaurant and order an intimate dinner for two." The salesman actually winked at him. "It can be arranged, Mr. Stafford. But I warn you, it is an expensive accessory."

"I'm prepared to pay, in cash."

"Cash? Please step this way, Mr. Stafford. I'm sure we can arrange delivery for you within a week."

Stafford named his Gel "Sarah." In four months of experimentation, he discovered that she could react to twenty-five simple orders and could reply in a sweetly feminine voice. That hardly made her an intellectually stimulating companion. Not that she was meant to be. The only talent of a Gel was in the muscles of its erogenous zones. That was the reason that almost a million Americans had purchased their synthetic flesh.

But Stafford was more than a little bored. Having paid for her skill at eating, he had utilized it only once. Sarah was easily recognizable for the Gel that she was. But he still took her out with him on the nights that he was restless. It was worth it to watch the expressions of desire on the males who saw her. A good example was Stafford's next door neighbor.

Stafford had traded very few words with his neighbor. The man was married, self-employed and very horny. The look he gave Sarah when he

passed her in the hallway was one of pure, hungry lust. Stafford more than reciprocated with hungry looks of his own whenever he saw his neighbor's wife. She was built something like Sarah, although a little heavier in the hips and belly. But it was her face which fascinated him, the sensual, responsive face of a human female.

Stafford, husting after a non-Gel, felt a bit like a pervert. Marriages (or liaisons) between real males and females were not illegal, even though the right to have children was a right jealously protected by the Government. But Stafford, as a clerk in Population Control, had been selected and trained to think in terms which made actual reproduction an obscene, dirty act. Perhaps it was this pressure that caused him to become stubborn and buy an entirely genitally orientated female Gel. It would have been a black mark against him at the Bureau if they ever found out about it. For this reason, Stafford consistently refused to go to the Gel-swapping office parties. Sarah's limitation in skills would have created a scandal.

It was then that the idea occurred to him. It would be perfectly safe to swap his Gel for his neighbor's wife. The man had obviously never enjoyed a Gel and he would have no way to compare her performance with others.

From then on, Stafford took great care to dangle his Gel before the man's eyes at every opportunity. And the man kept rising to the bait. The wonderful thing was that the wife looked far from unwilling.

The neighbor turned out to be rather shy and embarrassed about the idea. Whenever Stafford would catch him alone he would mumble and blush and talk around the subject.

Finally Stafford cornered him as he was going into his apartment.

"How would you like to have my Gel, Sarah, for a night?" Stafford had given up pussy-footing. It was all or nothing.

The man's eyes glinted. "I'd like that, Mr. Stafford."

"Of course, there are other considerations," said Stafford vaguely. And he began to hem and haw a bit himself. It didn't seem like a fair trade to offer a man a Gel for his wife.

"My door is open," said his neighbor without any prodding. "Lead me to Sarah."

Stafford smiled happily and led the man to the bedroom where Sarah lay waiting.

"All you have to say is 'Love me, Sarah,' and the rest is up to you," instructed Stafford.

The man nodded and started to un-

button his shirt. This was obviously an experience he had been waiting for.

The wife was sitting in her living room, flipping through a magazine. When she saw Stafford she needed no words of explanation.

"My name is Joan," she said and got up to lead him into the bedroom.

She did it so matter-of-factly that for a moment Stafford thought she was a Gel and that his neighbor had tricked him. But the first kiss banished that thought. Her mouth, and the hands that caressed his back, were proof of her human antecedents. And naked, the movements of her body were too intricate and too marvelously responsive to be anything other than those of a human female.

For Stafford it was wonderful. Not merely the physical responsiveness, but the look in her eyes and the expressions on her face—these were what made the experience exciting for him. It was as if he had never made love before and it was lovemaking he never wanted to stop.

Joan seemed to share his attitude. She relinquished him only after several hours and they lay close, sharing a cigarette.

"It was wonderful," breathed Joan, "you've made me so happy."

"And me, too," replied Stafford, kissing her lightly. "I don't know how I will be able to give you back to your husband." He laughed. "Although he must be having a good time. He's been in my place for hours and there's no complaint so far."

"Oh my God," groaned Joan and she lept out of bed, threw on a dressing gown and rushed from the room. Stafford slipped into his pants and followed her.

She went into his apartment, heading directly for the bedroom. When Stafford found her a few seconds later she was leaning against the wall, weeping softly.

"What's the matter?" asked Stafford with concern. Then he realized that the tears weren't from sorrow but from laughter. He looked for the first time at the couple on the bed. Their limbs were inextricably linked together and they were as still and quiet as a pair of corpses. Abruptly Stafford became aware of the smell of burning plastic. He stepped closer.

Joan's husband was a Gel.

"What the hell is going on?"

Joan's laughter increased uncontrollably, infecting Stafford who began to laugh hysterically at the sight of the burned out Gels. They were programmed to make love—the male Gel to take the initiative, to breathe aggressiveness. Teamed together, they must have been a furious, frantic duet until they depleted their salt solutions.

"You must admit that my husband went out like a real man."

"He fooled me right enough," replied Stafford. "He must have been very expensive to come programmed so intricately."

"He cost quite a lot indeed," admitted Joan, "but he was such a bore. Even if he did serve a good purpose." She looked down at the Gels. "I think we both just lost ourselves a lot of money. The damage is irreparable, I'm afraid."

"To them perhaps," said Stafford, "but then I don't think we will be needing them anyhow." He drew her to him.

"What heresy," she whispered before his mouth descended on hers.

Adam



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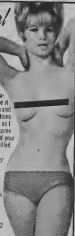
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**Paradise, from page 69**

what I said, probably the same sort of sad, sick jealous inanities that have been said before.

She sat silent over her drink never denying any of my accusations, never offering any explanations. When I had finished yacking, she rose and asked me if I would drive her home. I thought she meant back to the guest cottage which had in so short a time become "home" to me—the only one I had known for a long time.

I started up the hill but she directed me toward Yacht Haven. There she summoned the launch, and as we were standing with an audience of curious spectators, she said coldly and calmly, "You've made it easy for me, you know, to go back. I had begun to believe, come alive, be a foolish romantic again. Thank you for saving me."

I seized her by the shoulders. "You can't do this to me—to us. I love you."

"Do you?" she asked, her eyes staring into mine. "That's interesting. I suppose I love you." She removed my hands from her shoulders. "But, I love him, too—something you will never understand."

I watched her walk down the pier.

That night in the darkness, I lay trying to sleep but unable to because of maddening thoughts that were racing through my brain. I summoned memories of my lonely childhood, of the simple Portuguese fishing village off the Cape where I had been born and bred and where I intended to return. And I tried to picture her in my native environment, but I could not.

Yet, I had to admit she had real guts. She was what she was, no pretensions, and when the red flag was thrown in her face she didn't whimper or rationalize. It was probably better this way. She was not intended to endure the Spartan life I had patterned for myself. She needed luxury I could never afford. It had been a brief interlude, I told myself, and reasoned there would be other girls, other loves, but with the light of day I knew I was lying.

It was on that very day that a fresh assignment came through. The CO called me into his office and showed me a new set of iron lungs designed to allow further depth and longer distance travel under water. When the men were occupied on other duties, the manufacturer's representative, the CO and I went over the equipment studying every detail. Then the CO issued me my orders. My two best men were to take the equipment before dawn, try it while he and I and

the representative followed monitoring the results.

In the UDT such experiments were constantly being made, and in each one there was an element of danger. After careful thought I submitted the names of the six best frogmen on the team. The CO looked over the list and then handed me his selection. As I walked away from his headquarters, I opened the slip of paper. He had chosen Skeets and Louis the Louse. I summoned them after their morning swim, detailed the project and the three of us spent the afternoon familiarizing ourselves with the unfamiliar gear. After chow we wandered to the UDT Club as usual and ordered a few beers.

After the first beer Skeets excused himself.

"Got to write my Ol' Lady," he said.

As he walked away I thought to myself, there goes as fine a specimen of a man as I have ever known or shall ever know. In another six months he would be up for retirement with a full pension and he planned to return to Norfolk as a part-time UDT instructor and join his wife, Pat, and their two children. He'd be free to make love, fish, swim, raise his kids and operate his own marina.

Although Skeets was only a few years older than I, his hair was prematurely grey, but he was the ablest man on the team, bar none, and the most realistic. He was my best friend, and until the last few months he and I had been teammates, a relationship between two men that is difficult to explain, for two men swimming as a team are almost like identical twins having similar reflexes and thought waves. Yet since he had warned me about Melody, there had come between us a cold barrier which had never before existed. I watched him go to his quarters, feeling there was something he wanted to say to me—but could not.

The Louse ordered another round of beers. He was young and had earned his nickname because he was, in spite of physical prowess and skill, a Louse. Although to the brass he pretended he was interested in remaining in the service, in actuality he was itching to return to the civilian world as soon as he could—buy a saloon, get a bunch of broads. He liked the UDT because the pay was higher due to the elements of danger, and there was glamour attached to being a member of the team.

The Louse was a good looking guy in anybody's world and he made out better, sexually, than anyone on the team. He was an Italian-American

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with laughing, cynical green eyes, and lips that curled sensuously indicating his natural amoral personality. He was unlike Skeets, but he was a damn good frogman, daring and cunning. They made a good team, and as such, had been selected to do the new experiment.

Draining his bottle of beer, the Louise looked at me. "About this Melody broad, Old Man, were you really in love with her?"

I shrugged my shoulders. It was none of his business, but he had placed before me the moment of truth — was I or had I just been kidding myself?

I answered, after a long silence, "I believe I was."

"Hell, said the Louise, "I'm sorry. Skeets and I were hoping you weren't."

"Cool it," I said, getting to my feet.

"I'll recover. It doesn't really matter. Dames are like fish — miss one, catch another."

Before dawn the three of us left camp with the CO and the manufacturer's rep. In our high-powered two-motored craft we headed into the open sea where Skeets and the Louise would drop over the side to swim deeper into the water than any other two men had before. I was to follow on a second cable which was hooked to the boat where a highly sensitive machine would record the speed, depth, sensation, testing the feasibility of frogmen dropping from a fast moving launch to swim undetected by sound or radar, laying his mine and returning to safety before being discovered. The success of the venture required the proper coordinating of two teams, one attached to the speed launch and the other swimming on cable to the destination. The CO and I were the controls, Skeets and the Louise were the depth divers.

Fully masked, Skeets and the Louise plunged into the water, and when the radar indicated a certain depth level, I followed, my ears attuned to the clicking sound of the highly sensitive equipment I wore. Down, down, down they carried the cable, and then the sound stopped. They had descended beyond all means of communication.

I counted the minutes — five, seven, ten, fifteen, twenty — they had made it! Those minutes were like interminable hours, but I knew the Louise had laid the mine, and from the tug on the cable I knew they were preparing to surface. Then the thing happened! Movement on the cable ceased and although I pulled with every gesture of

— turn to page 76



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# DEAR ADAM

## PATS ON OUR BACK

May I express my appreciation of your tasteful and elegant handling of the material that goes into ADAM. As an ADAM fan I feel it necessary to make some kind of statement in this regard (loyalty, you know).

I am enclosing ADAM cover (Vol. 9 No. 10). Carin Connolly's petite and charming proportions should grace my "moments of creation," a sculptured group suitable for an architectural complex of great extent.

If you can still get in touch with her, please assure the young lady my enquiring is in the best of taste. I am a duke in real life but an artist at heart, and very favorably impressed by her fabulous figure and accomplishments. Perhaps ADAM can do little Carin the honour of having her grace the pages again, for she is an absolute jewel, is she not?

I will look forward to some sort of reply in the near future, either from you or the young lady in question herself, and remain a loyal ADAM reader.

Felix Linsmore  
Toronto, Canada

*We will see what we can do*

I had sort of given up on ADAM until I found your grand on Annie Oliver (Vol. 11 No. 5). Now that's what I call a great girl and a great story, not to mention some great pictures. If you keep this sort of thing going for you, I will be forced to continue buying your magazine.

Tom Bookbinder  
New York, N.Y.

Congratulations on your photos of Cheryl Henderson (Vol. 11 No. 3). She is my nomination for ADAM's next Eve. How old and how tall is she? Is she married? I've always enjoyed your great magazine, but please, more of Miss Henderson. Just wish I knew where to send her a fan letter.

Keep up the good work.

Jim Dunbar  
(address lost)

*Cheryl is single, nineteen years old and stands a luscious five feet six inches high. You may address a letter to her in care of ADAM.*

## A GRIPE OR TWO

I haven't missed a single edition of ADAM for the past five years, and until now I considered it the best men's magazine on the market. Only please tell me, do you have to louse it up by allowing writers such as Merrill Miller and his "One Hundred Years of Violence" (Vol. 11 No. 3) to putrefy a top notch magazine? He speaks with a forked tongue and his half truths closely resemble those found in magazines such as "The Daily Worker."

Please—keep politics and hate writers out of your magazine and stick to females and fun.

Jerry Strawn  
Florence, South Carolina

*We do not in any way liken our magazine to left wing newspapers, nor do we putrefy our pages with hate for hate's sake articles, or violence for its own sake. Mr. Miller's "The KKK: One Hundred Years of Intolerance" is a straight journalistic approach to historical fact, and ADAM can only applaud any reduction of any prejudice against any minority group anywhere*

After reading your article "Mechanized Mating" (ADAM Vol. 11 No. 5), I begin to wonder if the current sexual craze in this country has any limits at all. A concept of sex by machines seems to eliminate all possibilities of real rapport between two people, and eventually would destroy any real relationships which our psychologically oriented society is finally attaining.

If this is the future, I don't want any part of it.

George Yoder  
San Francisco, California

*An engaging and joyful human quality is the ability to find healthy sex everywhere, in everything, and to continuously investigate new avenues of expression. By the way, how could computers operate without psychological tests which have been around since the Twenties?*

## BOOKWORKS

The article by the ghost writer who wrote a book about Hedy Lamarr was very interesting and very revealing. But there isn't a bookstore in the small town where I live. Where can I order a copy?

Bill Moyer  
Roseau, Minnesota

How could it be possible for anyone who made \$30,000,000.00 to be destitute as Leo Guild's article (ADAM, Vol. 11 No. 5) says? I don't believe it. Nobody could possibly spend that much money that quickly, not even Hedy Lamarr.

John Coontz  
Seattle, Washington

*Join Bill Moyer and read Ecstasy and Me and find out. Published by Bartholomew House Publishers, New York City, New York, at \$5.95, the book is featured by several national book clubs and is available in any bookstore and most magazine newsstands.*

## MAKE WAR, NOT LOVE

It is inconceivable for modern Americans who haven't been directly involved in a war for a hundred years or so to understand how war could ever have been something other than a major holocaust. And I was struck with the similarity between your article "War, Anyone?" (ADAM Vol. 11 No. 5) and the misunderstanding and confusion surrounding the beginning of the Civil War which occurred almost at the same time.

Congratulations on a very funny story. But at the same time I wonder if we dare approach any kind of war on the level of mere humor. Even though the stupidity of human disagreements is pointed out within your article, I would like to see magazines stay away from subjects involving warlike violence.

On the other hand, maybe enough people will see the manipulations, both economic and social, which really caused the Crimean War and try to avoid them in the present and future.

John Cambridge  
Lima, Ohio

*We agree, daringly.*

## MORE ON HIPNESS

Who is this Paul Adolph guy who doesn't know who Hugh Hefner is and where to find a topless bar in Brooklyn Heights? He must be a real chump.

I read his letter in ADAM (Vol. 11 No. 5) and couldn't believe it.

Darrell Woodson  
Brooklyn Heights, New York

*We just print what the mailman delivers.*

## Paradise, from page 75

communication I knew, there was no response.

I swam back to the launch and we began, the CO and I, mechanically, to draw in the cable. When we finally got it, it had been cut with the knife the team carried in order to kill a shark or baracuda.

I jumped back into the water. Something had happened to the Louse and Skeets had cut himself free from the cable to go to the help of his partner. Deeper, deeper I swam passing the curious fish when I spotted Skeets trying to swim with the cumbersome, lifeless body of the Louse. In sign language I motioned to him that the Louse was dead, to save himself, swim toward me and I would carry him to safety, but my gestures were futile. Skeets was in the deep narcosis every diver fears. He could no longer rationalize.

I swam toward him and with a superhuman strength that came from God alone know where, I managed to surface, dragging along the dead body of the Louse, weighted with iron lungs from which the oxygen had escaped. They pulled us aboard the launch, I saw the CO blowing his breath into Skeets' blood-foamed lips.

An ambulance was waiting when we reached shore. But it was a veritable hearse, for Skeets died en route to the hospital, whispering, his hand in mine, "I'm sorry, Old Man."

Men die as men borne of women must die. But in the five years the team had been together the team had never before had a death. The death of Skeets and the Louse struck the team a ponderous blow. We were incarcerated for three days while investigators flew from Washington to determine the cause of the accident and what details were to be released for public consumption.

We learned that the entire island was blacked out in mourning. The names of the victims had not been released until certain truths had been ascertained and the families notified. The team was a dazed group of men huddled together in silence and in the knowledge that what had happened to Skeets and the Louse could happen at any time to any one of us who lived in the precarious realm of danger beneath the sea.

I paced the floor. Why hadn't the CO sent me in Skeets' place, or why had he not sent me with Skeets instead of the Louse? Maybe we might have made it, but such speculation was meaningless. Looking out the window I saw the yacht as she set sail out of the harbor, and I thought with the bitter gall of the unhappy lover,

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how typical, when the party is over,  
to get lost, Paradise was no longer  
paradise. The tragic deaths of two  
men had cast a pall over the island in-  
habited by carefree, reckless fun-lov-  
ing people, and Melody and her play-  
boy lover were scarcely the type to  
hang around when life was dull and  
reality showed how suddenly death  
could settle down.

After three nights of being held in-  
communicado, the curfew on the team  
was lifted. The team went forward—  
almost in a body—to be seen, counted  
and to get drunk. I went, hours later,  
alone. I did not follow in their path,  
but went sorrowfully to the "French  
Yacht Club." I sat down at the bar.  
The juke box was blaring forth and  
the natives were jabbering in what  
sounded like an unknown tongue. I  
proceeded to get drunk, very drunk.  
I did not see her, but felt her slide  
on the bar stool beside me.

"Sir Calahad," she began. She never  
called me by my real name.

"What the hell are you doing here?"  
My voice was gruff, my eyes red from  
weeping.

"I—I couldn't go. That is—not un-  
til—"

I stared at her. "Not until you knew  
that I was still alive? Well, I am. Does  
that make you feel any better? Do you  
think that makes me feel any better?  
Now that you see that I am here—a  
hundred and eighty-seven pounds of  
flesh—why don't you go?"

"Stop," she said, her voice full of  
command and authority.

I looked into her eyes that seemed  
ageless, eyes that would continue to  
look long after my eyes and other  
eyes were closed. I needed her, as a  
man needs a woman at just such a  
moment.

She knew that I needed her and  
said, "Don't send me away."

I was confused and scarcely saw the  
old drunken continental and his  
scrawny sister—the owners of the  
guest house that Melody and I had  
occupied—hovering over us. Through  
the noise, I heard his voice speaking  
to her.

"Your crazy father should never  
have brought a daughter into the  
world and he should certainly have  
never brought his equally crazy  
daughter to this crazy island for my  
crazy sister to look after when he de-  
cides to sail away in his fancy yacht  
with his fancy guests."

I didn't hear anymore. I only re-  
member the touch of her hand on  
mine and her voice filled with com-  
passion, saying, as she lifted her drink  
to her lips. "You never asked me who  
he was, Sir Calahad."



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# CONQUERING KNIGHTS, AMERICAN STYLE

The U.S. parachute team shows the world what real men are made of

Leaving colorful smoke patterns though the skies, the U.S. Army Parachute team, better known as the Golden Knights, of Fort Bragg, North Carolina, symbolize a new era in free-fall air exploits. The nickname, "Golden Knights," chosen by the team in 1962, complements their gold and black team colors and the all-conquering emblem of warfare, the knight.

Organized and trained at Fort Bragg in 1959, the team is comprised of seven officers and forty-two enlisted men. Personnel of the Aviation Section include three officer pilots and two enlisted flight engineers. These men carry the jumpers aloft and must possess a high degree of accuracy and skill necessary to successful launching of the parachutist. The team became a source of pride almost from the moment of inception, participating in foreign and domestic competition and exhibitions under the brilliant gold and black canopy of the "Para-Commander" parachute.

By the end of 1985 the Golden Knights had demonstrated their excellent form before 37,955,500 spectators, appearing in a total of 591 demonstrations in 45 states, 210 U.S. cities,

—turn the page



36 foreign cities and 15 foreign nations. From January through December of 1965 alone, over four million spectators thrilled to daring feats performed by the team in 117 demonstrations in 33 states and four foreign countries. Quoting from the Golden Knights official publicity brochure:

"When the team participates in an event in the civilian domain, the sponsor must bear all expenses—transportation, food and lodging for the participating personnel, and public liability and property damage. The team is prohibited from participating in any event which might benefit or appear to benefit or favor any private individual, commercial venture, sect, fraternal or political group."

The Chief of Information, Department of the Army, coordinates and monitors the participation of the U.S. Army Parachute Team in the civilian domain.



Demonstrating the skill which places the Golden Knights as formidable competition in any air meet, the parachutist routinely exits the aircraft at 13,500 feet and activates the red smoke grenade attached to his boot, clearly marking his progress for watchers below and adding emphasis to the showmanship of this elite group. Performing aerobatics with loops, rolls, turns and baton passes, the chutist attains speeds approaching 200 miles per hour. He can reduce and control his speed and direction by skillful use of body maneuvers. Falling 75 to 80 seconds until approximately 2000 feet above the earth, he assumes a stomach-to-earth position and pulls the rip cord. At this point, all eyes follow as the pilot chute, acting as an air anchor, causes the canopy to blossom out. A sigh of relief and a murmured, "He's safe," stirs through the spectators as the jumper comes softly down to land on target. A high percentage of dead-center landings has been

achieved by the group.

One of the most breathtaking maneuvers performed in free-fall exhibition is the cut-away, as perfected by the R&D section of the team in 1961. (See Fig. 1.)

Thirty-six various slots in the parachute afford the chutist phenomenal control, comparable to the control a pilot has over his aircraft. Pulling on one of two control knobs attached to his chute lines can send the airflow through other vents, causing the chute to turn up to 360 degrees in either direction in about four seconds. Pulling down on both controls at once decreases the forward drive and increases the descent speed. Letting up on the knobs reverses the action. This scope of maneuverability accounts in part for the team's outstanding record in world parachute accuracy — more than any other team or country.

The best in jump wear is provided for these conquerors of the airways; the highest quality racing helmet is standard equipment, a wire face-piece is added for unintentional tree landings. Specially designed "Paraboots," constructed with a padded, double thickness leather upper and a sole honeycombed with air pockets, does much to absorb landing shock.

Each team member wears an emergency parachute on his chest, or the "piggyback" reserve mounted above the main parachute pack on the back. The chest pack is equipped with an altimeter and stop watch in easy reading position that tell the parachutist how long and how far he has fallen. With the "piggyback" wrist instruments are utilized. The need for an emergency chute occurs only about once in every 100,000 jumps; however, nothing is left to chance in parachuting.

Specially designed coveralls with full length zippers cover and protect the jumper's clothing during his performance. Back on mother earth, it takes a matter of seconds to unzip and step forth an immaculately groomed Golden Knight in full dress uniform.

To be considered a candidate for this skilled group, the individual must meet rigid requirements. He must be a volunteer, be a qualified military chutist, hold a Class "D" international parachutist's license. He must have no convictions by military or civil courts and he must be a career soldier. In addition, he must possess a high degree of intelligence and be A-1 physically. His personal conduct must be above reproach; the Golden Knight, through public relations, is expected to advance U.S. Army prestige and *esprit de corps*, and encourage recruiting by his exemplary behavior. A vital element of his mission lies in re-

search and development in the military aspect of free-fall parachuting.

Taken as an average, the team member is 28.8 years of age, has served 9.9 years in service and has made 658 recorded parachute jumps, weighs 176 pounds, and stands 5'11" outside his paraboots. A combination of all these assets is certain to be complemented by a personal charm, making the Golden Knight an ambassador of good will in the U.S. and other countries where he competes.

A total of 88 world accuracy records out of a possible 128 had fallen to the Golden Knights by early 1965. As experience and training added to their skills, the U.S. team made a clean sweep at Lafuente-Caucher, France, in 1961 and again at Leutkirch, Germany, in 1963. A first place kept the Knights in the lead at Porotorez, Yugoslavia, in the same year. A member of the U.S. team scored the first dead center (on target) landing ever recorded at a world championship meet. Spring of 1965 saw the U.S. holding 68.75 percent of the world records, the Russians 16.41. Prior to the meet in Lincoln, California, during March and early April, 1965, Russia held 49 percent of the records, the U.S. 28 percent. The triumphant Golden Knights captured 42 records previously held by the Soviet Union, five from East Germany, three from other U.S. parachutists and five from Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia combined.

A record is determined by the average landing distance from the target in team jumps. The best average at the Lincoln meet was scored by a four man U.S. team — 0.19 meters. Three men hit the red center disc, while the fourth missed by 0.74 meters. Individual team members made 21 dead center landings. First Lieutenant Jack C. Helms of Kannapolis, N.C., alone made seven perfect "on target" landings.


Warrant Officer Dick Fortenberry, a former Golden Knight, became 1964-1965 World's Champion Parachutist. Mr. Fortenberry held the rank of staff sergeant at the time he earned the title in July, 1964. He later left the team to attend Warrant Officer's Flight School and served as a helicopter pilot in Vietnam.

Sergeant First Class Ray Duffy added luster to the already shining records set in competitions by the U.S. team by capturing the 1965-66 National Championship Parachutist record.

International meets are held every two years. The 1966 International, held in East Germany, August 1966, went unattended by U.S. representatives.

Major Alfred E. Burkhardt, team commander, is justly proud of his

men and can free fall, maneuver and land with the best of them. Under his able command, the Golden Knights are preparing for more victorious conquests of the skyways, always adding to our knowledge of man's ability to use and explore the skies above us.

These intrepid airmen have jumped from 53 different U.S. and foreign aircraft, using 49 different styles of parachutes, and are richly deserving of the title, "World's Finest." 

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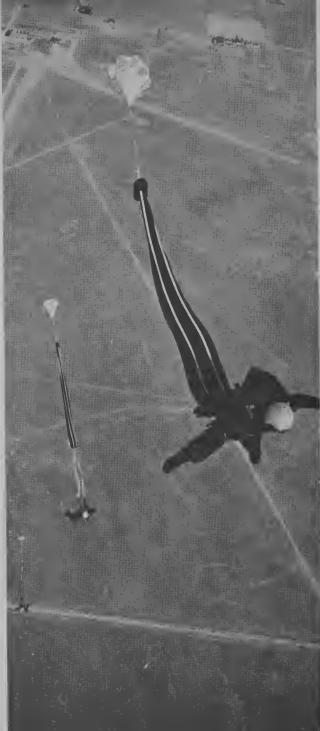


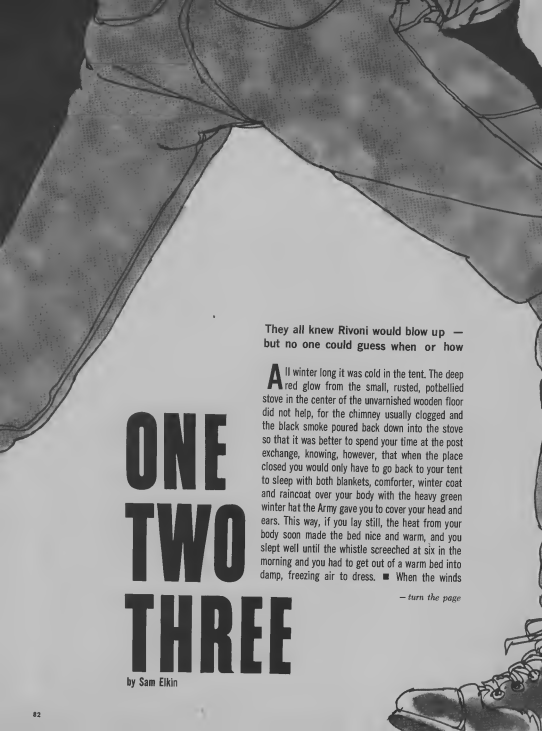
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Fig. 1

*Cutaway. Jumper free falls until 3,000 to 2,500 feet from the ground; opens his chute, intentionally causing it to "streamer" shortly after opening. He falls under the streamer for about 10 seconds; cuts the canopy away and free falls again, opening his main chute at about 2,000 feet. This maneuver requires great skill and cool-headedness.*





# ONE TWO THREE

by Sam Elkin

They all knew Rivoni would blow up —  
but no one could guess when or how

**A**ll winter long it was cold in the tent. The deep red glow from the small, rusted, potbellied stove in the center of the unworn wooden floor did not help, for the chimney usually clogged and the black smoke poured back down into the stove so that it was better to spend your time at the post exchange, knowing, however, that when the place closed you would only have to go back to your tent to sleep with both blankets, comforter, winter coat and raincoat over your body with the heavy green winter hat the Army gave you to cover your head and ears. This way, if you lay still, the heat from your body soon made the bed nice and warm, and you slept well until the whistle screeched at six in the morning and you had to get out of a warm bed into damp, freezing air to dress. ■ When the winds

— turn the page





shifted late in April and the weather did break you began to feel the difference in your tent. The cold did not feel so cold anymore, and you could breathe a little easier without coughing when you woke up in the morning. But the potbellied stove, though the chimney did not clog as often now, still could not be regulated, and it was this uneven change that put Jess Rivoni in the hospital.

Influenza kept him in bed in the post hospital for two weeks, and when he finally did get out the weather was clearing nicely. But Rivoni felt miserably low and that night he made for the post exchange and got drunk.

Jess Rivoni got roaringly, drunkenly plastered on two dozen beers.

"By God, Jess, that's a lotta beers for a little guy to guzzle," they said to him.

Rivoni jumped out of his chair. "Little guy? Who's a little guy?" His eyes were streaky red. "I'm one tough baby, goddamnit. So don't talk with me, see?"

"Shut up, you lousy spick," someone yelled from a nearby table.

Jess Rivoni spun towards the speaker. "I'm an American!" he roared back. "Don't you call me no damn spick, you sonofabitch. You looking for trouble, you'll get it!"

"You and what army?"

Rivoni clutched a beer bottle in his hand and lunged for the voice, but the military police got to him first and dragged him outside. There they debated a moment whether to turn him in, but Milt Chapman saw them and Chapman told the MPs he would take Rivoni back to the tent.

Jess Rivoni was small and slim and dark. He was in his middle twenties. He had smooth oily skin, the color of a mulatto girl's face faintly rouged. His eyes were black flashes that became murderously bloodshot, by degrees, when he was drinking.

When sober he was swift and agile in all his movements. Everything he did he did swiftly and silently. Sometimes he appeared before you like a shadow. You turned around and there he was, his thin lips apart, his white teeth flashing against a background of oily darkness.

You jumped.

"Scare you, hah?" he said.

"What the hell you trying to do?"

He smiled slowly. "Just don't say bad things about me when I'm not around."

If you were not Milt Chapman, you would say, "Nobody said anything about you, Jess."

"I don't like people to say bad things about me."

"We wouldn't say bad things about

you."

"I'm liable to get mad and somebody's liable to get hurt."

But if you were Milt Chapman you would tell Rivoni right off to go to hell.

In the weak, overhead light Milt Chapman's long, bony face seemed longer and bonier. He sat on a little wooden stool and leaned over slightly, stretching his hands out over the stove. He had been shoveling coal from the bin beside the latrine.

"I'm going to say plenty if he doesn't snap out of it," Chapman said. "Who the hell does he think he is never doing any work around here?"

Freddie Clark and Pete Steidel—the three of them were huddled around the stove trying to keep warm—said nothing. It was cold and damp and black outside.

"The guy thinks everybody's down on him," Clark said.

"He's a smart little bluffer," Chapman said. "He's got you all fooled."

Steidel shook his head slowly. "I don't know, Milt. Me? I don't like his looks."

"Neither do I," Chapman said. "But he's not bluffing me." He leaned over and shook the grate a few times.

"Tough guy," he said contemptuously.

Inside, the tent was a quickly thrown together affair, unadorned and simple. Four cots stood against the walls, two on each side of the tent. Before the head of each cot was a green Army footlocker. The wooden walls went up about halfway from the floor and from there broke off into plain wooden beams which ran horizontally to the wall.

Clothes hung over each cot from nails which were driven into the lowest beam. The part where the walls broke off into separate beams was completely covered with canvas which came to a point high in the center of the tent, so that from the outside the entire affair bore some resemblance to an Indian tepee.

Freddie Clark stood up and lay down on his cot in the far right corner of the tent. "I don't know how he ever came in with us anyways," he said. "He's got it in for you, Milt."

"I'm worried."

"I heard he carries a knife," Steidel said.

"I just said I'm worried, okay?"

"If you ask me," Clark said, "he carries a knife. He looks like the type."

Pete Steidel fiddled around with the coal in the bucket. "He's got it in for you, Milt, like Freddie says. You know

—turn to page 88

Adam



"Let me put it this way, Mr. Simpson—go ahead and smoke all the cigarettes you like."



# ADAM'S TALES



## BRANDED

A tall, dark and handsome Texan stopped at the lingerie counter at Neiman Marcus' to buy a girdle for his wife.

"Playtex?" asked the pretty young sales clerk.

"Gosh, honey, I'd sure like to," drawled the Texan, "but my wife's doubled parked in the Rolls."

## SACROSANCT

Our favorite topless waitress was held up the other day and had to rush to church to make her weekly confession. As she hurried down the aisle a priest stopped her. "My girl," he said, "what do you mean coming into the church like that?"

"But Father," she argued, "It's my divine right."

"You have a divine left, too," he told her. "But where's your hat?"

## HOME AWAY FROM HOME

"Couldn't you think of anything better than coming home at this hour drunk?" asked the irate wife.

"Yessh, m'dear," replied her soured spouse. "But she's out of town."

## SHOW BIZ

One of the acts at a traveling carnival was a ventriloquist who was holding his audience of country folk spell-bound by making different animals seem to utter wisecracks and assorted homespun comments. During a lull between acts, one old geezer sidled up to the performer and whispered in his ear. "Can you make all them animals talk?"

"Sure," said the ventriloquist. "Why?"

"Well," whispered the old farmer, "if that sheep on the end says anything about me, it's a dirty lie."



"Not until you say 'pretty please, with sugar on it.'"

## SPRUNG VACATION

As they lay together on the sands of Fort Lauderdale's sunny beach, he whispered into her ear. "I love you."

"But we've only just met," she replied.

"I know," he answered, "but I'm just down for the weekend."



## BE PREPARED

A Hollywood agent was counseling a young starlet before she went on an interview with a famous picture producer. "Now look, honey, don't be upset, but this guy's gotta bad reputation with the girls. If he gets you alone in his office for a minute, he's likely to rip the dress off your back."

"Thanks for telling me," said the starlet. "I'll change into something older before I go."



# MALE PHYSIQUES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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## Glug, from page 56

cops, he was set for the duration.

He ran his hand absently through the thick, sweet-smelling fur of the glug, thinking what a wonderful beast it was.

The glug lay sleeping contentedly in his lap while the inverse light years peeled away.

Eddie Klugman was a newspaperman neither proud nor unhappy with his lot. His was a job, and it brought him more than enough to get sauced with each weekend; so he did his job as best he could—and with his talent, that was quite good enough—and paid no attention to the world about him. In a bar fight he had once killed a man, Hobbie had covered for him.

Eddie Klugman was blackmailed in a mild way by Hobbie Eastwell when the *Iris Malachée* was still outside the atmosphere of Terra.

"Eddie baby!" Hobbie enthused, over a closed circuit vid hookup. "Ya look great, Eddie boy!"

Klugman was half in his cups. His lean, angular face was a spotted and wrinkled satire of Lincoln's. His red-rimmed eyes opened slightly. He was lying on his bed in his hotel, a three-quarters empty bottle clutched to his chest, and the picture the vid presented was one of dissipation and despair.

"What the hell do you want? I thought you were space."

Hobbie scratched the back of Klug's small, cute head and stared into the vid. "Eddie baby, I need a favor."

"No!"

"Listen, Klugman," Hobbie's tone had shifted from syrupy brotherhood to obvious malice in an instant. "Don't switch off, or the cops will find out about a guy named Dexter in a joint called The Shag-Dog Roost. You remember him, Klugman?"

A look of miserable resignation settled across Klugman's battered features.

"I'm quiet, Eastwell. I mind my biz and I just want to keep living till I go under quiet. Leave me alone, for God's sake. What do you want from me, you culture?"

Hobbie knew he had the other man under his thumb. "I want a little publicity, Eddie Pal. I want a little flick in behalf of my recent space jaunt."

Klugman swirled the Scotch in the bottle and tipped the neck to his lips. A noisy swallow ensued and then a belch. "What're you up to, Eastwell?"

"Not a thing, Eddie, not a thing. I just brought back a real news item and I'm doing you the favor of giving you the big story first. What a favor, too!

Wait'll you see."

He maneuvered in the crash chair, so his body was slightly out of the vid screen's range, and held up the creature with the blue fur. "See him? Great ain't he?"

Glug said, "Clug, glug."

Klugman rolled off the bed, and stood up unsteadily. "What the hell is that?"

"Clug," answered Glug.

"Whaaat?"

"You heard him," snapped Eastwell. "Now listen, Eddie, I want you to start a big news spread on me and this thing here. I'll give you all the poop. I want the world to know about Glug by the time I've landed at Idlewild."

"You're nuts. I won't —"

Eastwell smiled nastily.

Klugman dropped his hands to his sides. The bottle fell from his limp fingers and gurgled its contents against the rug. Cleannecks purred out of wall receptacles and mopped up the mess instantly. Carrying the bottle with them, they scurried away, back to their baseboard homes.

"Okay, Eastwell. I'll... I'll do it. What's the story?" Like a good newspaperman, he slumped onto the bed and took a pad and paper from the nightshelf, began jotting notes as Hobbie began:

"Hobbie Eastwell, noted explorer and businessman, has returned from space with a marvelous creature so rare and unusual that —"

In his lap, Glug chewed over a piece of golden moss, contentedly. Life was warm and simple. Eat and sleep.

On the Riviera, with a woman named Darcine whom he had met in the Stardust Casino, Hobbie found he was close to broke. A year of high living had seen the quick depletion of his funds. Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars translated from credits and plasts had seemed like a great deal of money. Glug had been bought within a week of his landing at Idlewild due to the efforts of Klugman and the other fellows of the Third Estate who sensed a big story in the making. Glug had been purchased by Mrs. Amos Guggenheim-Rockwell, Jr. who had cooed and aahed over the little darling from the moment she saw him on nationwide 3-vid. The price was steep, but Mrs. Guggenheim-Rockwell was obviously the ruler of the "400" for that year and probably would be for a many more to come. So the price was right.

The two thousand dollars a pound Hobbie was forced to charge for the golden moss was perhaps a bit steep

to Glug's owner, but the little babykins had to have his nice nourishing mossie-wossie, didn't he? So Hobie was set for a long time.

A long time. One year and a pair of months.

On the Riviera, he had gone to fat with a woman named Darcine whose bust was just short of fabulous and had run up a chit for ten thousand dollars in the hands of the owners of the Stardust Casino—a brace of brothers known as the Siciliano Brothers, who were most unpleasant about unpaid debts. Even from someone as famous as Mr. Eastwell.

So Hobie knew he must really see the *Iris Malachée* for another run to Small Planet BBB-110.

He bade a three day goodbye between purple satin sheets to the woman known as Darcine and blasted off from Cote d'Azur spaceport.

It was not nearly as long a trip this time for Hobie knew precisely where he was going. And, too, he was slightly overweight and had developed a bad-stomach, and these space jaunts were a little too difficult now.

He found his second glug near the same spot where he had found the first. He found his third a mile from the second, his fourth and fifth together eating moss near the third, and so on, till he had fifteen glugs and enough moss to feed a herd of the little beasts should any be of opposite sexes. He stuffed the hold till it could hold no more and then loaded the empty companionway cabins with it. Then he pitchforked gobs of it down the breeder reactor chute, where it might freeze during the jaunt but would thaw in plenty of time to be sold on Terra.

He returned to Terra with an even greater publicity build-up than before, to find his glugs demanded on all sides. In a matter of hours after Idlewild touchdown Hobie had sold every one of the charming, deliciously lovable creatures and had contracted for the entire shipment of moss.

It was apparent, however, that one more trip would have to be made. There was not enough moss for all the glugs. For Hobie had, indeed, brought back male and female. He had left Small Planet BBB 110 with fifteen; he had arrived with forty-seven.

The glugs bred quickly and indiscriminately.

It was a scant three days after his return that Hobie was pressed by the new owners, all of whom were wealthy and demanding, to return for another shipload of golden moss.

He did so reluctantly and arrived at Small Planet BBB-110 much the worse

for wear. This time he used the robo-mecks he had had installed in the ship, and they loaded the moss in till there was barely room to sleep. All bulkheads had been ripped out, and the living accommodations jammed into the pressurized cab of the *Iris Malachée* to just barely support Hobie so he could return from this final jaunt and settle down permanently.

Hobie fired off with a shipload of the golden moss and selected a comfortable position in the crash couch from which he was determined not to move until he had to. He had to, very soon.

The moss tried to get through the pressure-sealed door between the hold and the cab less than halfway to Terra. He had been sleeping, and only the scratching and scrabbling brought him to wakefulness. He peered through the lucite port in the bulkhead and saw only a great golden expanse of fibers clawing at the door. The moss was trying to—trying to—he shuddered as he mentally shrieked it—trying to get in at him!

The rest of the flight was a nightmare. He could not rest but kept watch constantly. The moss was unable to get through the duroplasteel of the bulkhead, but he could hear it scratching away constantly, trying to wear it away. Eventually, it must prevail.

His only hope was to make touchdown on Terra.

But when he approached the sector of space where he knew Terra to be, he found only a large golden ball. Where the green and dun and white circle of Terra had been there now revolved an orb completely covered by the golden moss.

It was then, after struggling against insanity, that he knew what the situation had really been on Small Planet BBB-110.

The Glugs had not been the masters of life on that world. They had been predators. They had maintained the balance on Small Planet BBB-110 between themselves and the omnivorous golden moss.

The moss was not food, it was life. Life as alive as the cuddly lovable glugs. His second shipload of moss had been greater than the number of glugs, even with their fantastic reproducing abilities. They had taken on more than they could chew, literally.

The moss had broken free and had devoured the planet. Terra was lost. And as he realized the scratching on the bulkhead had grown louder, as he saw the first fiber of tendrils from the moss appear through a pock in the duroplasteel, Hobie Eastwell, entrepreneur, realized he was lost, too.

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out of his hand and smacked up against the sideboard at the far end of the table. "Seven!" he shouted. "God, I can't even get a chance to make a side bet. Ain't it terrible?"

Someone cursed. Seven soldiers dropped away from the table. Sergeant Donahue was smiling.

"Here's the boy," he said. "Here he is. Gimme a quarter, Rivoni."

"Sure, sure, sergeant."

Milt Chapman counted the thirty dollars in his hand. He hesitated only a moment. Then he covered Rivoni's ten dollars on the table with a ten dollar bill.

At this gesture the others around the table held their bets. They saw that this had now become a personal affair.

Jess Rivoni's eyebrows went up with surprise. "Is that ten?" he said. "By God, Chapman, you getting kind of reckless, ain't you?"

Smiling, Rivoni began to shake the dice. He rolled out, but Chapman broke the roll, automatically calling for a new pair of dice, Sergeant Donahue threw four sets of dice on the table.

Rivoni laughed. "Take your choice, Chapman."

Milt Chapman chose a pair of dice and gave them to Donahue, who cleared the other dice off the table and threw the pair Chapman had given him to Rivoni. Jess Rivoni picked up the dice and began to shake them. He was still laughing.

"It ain't the dice, boy. It's me. I'm the guy. What's a couple of dice?"

Rivoni flung the dice against the sideboard Chapman was standing against, and a quick buzz swept around the tent. Milt Chapman jerked his head slightly. Rivoni laughed loudly.

Coddamn, goddamn, he thought. I'm going to break this guy.

"Okay, Chapman," he said. "Shoot the twenty." He glanced quickly at the soldiers lined around the table. Their astonished faces pleased him. He smiled at Sergeant Donahue, winked back as Donahue winked at him.

Milt Chapman almost carelessly tossed twenty dollars on the table. Rivoni, grinning, began to shake the dice. It was quiet in the place. Everyone seemed to be holding his breath. Rivoni flung out the dice. They bounced across the table and two three's came up. Rivoni started to pick up the money, but now the smile slowly slid from his lips.

He picked up the dice and rolled them out again.

Eight.

With a quick, jerky motion Jess Rivoni wiped the sweat from his brow.

Milt Chapman appeared very calm.

Rivoni's color was beginning to change under the overhead light. What the hell, he thought. I'm still good. I can feel it. He picked up the dice and shook them. He would not look at Chapman. All it takes is a little six. That's all. Come on, baby. A nice little six. The dice swept across the table.

Four.

Bastard! Rivoni clutched the dice, smacked them down on the table, picked them up. "Come on, you little bastards," he said. "A nice six. Just a six." He tossed the dice out hard, bending over the table as he did it so that his hands came to rest flat on the tabletop.

The dice galloped over the billiard cloth, rebounded, and as they stopped rolling Rivoni brought both palms down on the table with a crash and the money and dice bounced up. He straightened swiftly and let out a roaring stream of curses.

Four and three.

Seven.

Rivoni watched Milt Chapman reach for the forty dollars. Milt Chapman was very slow about it.

"It's your roll," Rivoni said. He tried hard to keep the tremor out of his voice but when he saw Chapman begin to count his money he exploded.

"Coddamn! it's your roll! You know how much damn money you got there!"

Milt Chapman looked up. He was smiling. "Rivoni," he said as though he had just seen him for the first time. "You still here?"

Rivoni flung a ten dollar bill on the table.

Chapman covered it. But very slowly. And very slowly he began to shake the dice and very slowly he tossed them out with an easy floating motion.

An eight came up.

"Ten more says I make the eight," Chapman said.

Rivoni dropped ten more dollars on the table.

Milt Chapman began to shake the dice. He did not take his eyes away from Rivoni. He saw Rivoni's face tighten up as the dice stopped rolling. He heard Rivoni roar out, cursing, and saw him slam nine dollars on the table.

Chapman drew all but nine dollars from the pot and before he even threw out the dice he knew it was going to be a seven and he was already reaching for the money. Everybody expected another outburst from Rivoni, but nothing came. Then Jess Rivoni and Milt Chapman stood staring at

— turn to page 92



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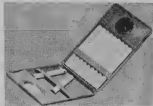
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## One, Two, Three, from page 89

each other across the table.

Without a word passing between them Rivoni turned and hurried out of the tent.

Jess Rivoni slammed the door of his tent behind him. His anger was so great and was so big inside of him that he was biting his lower lip and it was bleeding and he did not realize it.

He lay down on his bed, then got up and strode around the room. He began to curse. He felt something dribbling down his chin. He wiped it away with his hand, saw that it was blood and cursed some more. He dropped on his footlocker and lit a cigarette.

He had to do something. That's all there was to it. He had to get even with that dirty lousy bastard Chapman.

He tossed the cigarette at the stove. He got up and turned to Chapman's corner of the tent. His eyes fell on Chapman's footlocker. He stood very still and stared at the footlocker, then went over to it, knelt down, and slipped the open lock off and held it in his hands. He exhaled sharply through his nose. He got up, went over to his own locker, unlocked his lock, and held both locks in his hands.

The two locks looked exactly alike.

Quickly now Rivoni slipped Chapman's lock on his locker, leaving the lock open. Then he went back to Chapman's locker and put his own lock in place, leaving it open too.

This time when he stood up there was a smile on his lips. He glanced slowly around the tent. He moved his head up and down. It was a natural. One thing more and the setup would be complete. He went over to the gray coal bucket that stood behind the potbellied stove. There was some coal in it and bits of wood.

Moments later he was back in the tent, satisfied that no one had seen him. He placed the empty coal bucket behind the potbellied stove. He looked around the tent again to see that everything was in order.

When he felt sure that it was, he lay down on his cot and shut his eyes.

When Milt Chapman came into the tent he saw Rivoni lying on the cot, sleeping. Chapman knelt down beside his footlocker and opened it. It did not bother him that the lock was open. He left it that way many times. He took a bulging wallet from the left rear pocket of his trousers and placed it in the right top chamber of the locker. He began to search through the locker but could not find what he was looking for. Then he picked up the wallet again, opened it, and withdrew all the

bills from the money fold. He counted slowly and carefully.

When he finished counting he glanced at Rivoni. He kept looking at Rivoni, watching his eyes. After a while he counted off three dollars, picked up the top half of the locker, and placed the rest of the money under a pile of clothes.

He stood up suddenly. He moved lightly and swiftly over to Rivoni's bunk. He bent over and listened breathlessly to Rivoni's breathing. He straightened up, rubbed his chin thoughtfully, glanced at his locker, shrugged, and returned to it. He put the top half back in place. Then he closed the locker, snapped the lock, and went out of the tent, shutting the door slowly behind him.

Jess Rivoni lay on his cot a long time after Chapman went out. It began to get dark inside the tent. The camp became quiet with the dusk. Faint sounds drifted from other tents. A few radios were on. Someone laughed and the sound seemed to drift over the whole street outside. The cold, brought on by the night, seeped into the tent but Rivoni did not seem to feel it. His shape became blurry and soon he was lost in darkness.

When the door of the tent swung open and Pete Steidel and Freddie Clark came in and switched on the light they were surprised to see Rivoni sitting up on the edge of his cot.

Jess Rivoni stood up, stretched himself, put on his field hat and went out.

"Well, what the hell's the matter with him?" Clark said.

Steidel laughed. "He lost all his dough in a crap game to Chapman."

"Serves him right," Clark shivered. "It's cold in here."

Jess Rivoni shut the door behind him and suddenly became a swift and agile shadow. The darkness of his skin and uniform blended perfectly with the night. In a moment he had gone a hundred paces without a sound and he came to the mess hall behind the tents. There he sat down on the rear steps which led into the kitchen. No one could see him now but he had a clear view of his tent.

He reached for a cigarette, changed his mind. One, two, three, he thought. One, two, three. Crazy phrase.

He laughed softly. It would take them about three minutes at least to get coal and paper and wood. He had it all figured out. Right down to the last detail. Even to what they would say to him.

Rivoni, what do you know about this?

Nothing.

—turn to page 94



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## One, Two, Three, from page 92

Come on, now. Don't act dumb, Rivoni. You were in the tent, you know.

I was sleeping, you know.

You could not have been sleeping.

All right. So if I wasn't sleeping then how did I get the lock open without breaking it?

Let me see your key.

Certainly.

They would try his key, and of course it wouldn't fit because by that time Chapman's lock would be back on his locker.

He laughed again, softly, shaking his head, feeling well pleased. Smart? Perfect. He shivered. He was a little nervous. He wished he had something in him—a couple of drinks. He sighed. They should be coming out.

It was cold. His teeth began to chatter. Why didn't they come out?

A shaft of light from an opened door brought Rivoni to his feet. He tightened up all over. His heart beat hard in his chest. He saw Steidel and Clark come out and shut the door, and before they turned into the narrow alleyway between the tents he was fifty paces away from the mess hall, without having made a sound.

Jess Rivoni pushed open the door of his tent. The locker key was already in his hand. He shut the door. One, two, three, he thought. One, two, three, one, two, three, onetwothree, onetwothreeonetwothree—damn crazy thing.

Someone yelled. The sound startled him for a moment. He fell down before Chapman's locker. He pulled off the lock and began searching through the clothes. He became a little panicky when he could not find the money. The blood pounded in his temples.

Someone else yelled and he snapped up, cursing, bending over again quickly, angrily. His breath was coming in quick gasps. His hand touched something round and firm and hard. He pulled it out. He was smiling.

He reached out to place the top part of the locker back in place when the door swept open and something like the stab of a knife pierced Rivoni's chest as he looked up into Milt Chapman's astonished face. In that instant a crazy mad panic gripped Rivoni. He dropped the money and streaked for the electric light cord, pulled it, plunging the tent into darkness.

A roar came from the doorway and it almost made Jess Rivoni scream. He ran forward and rammed into Milt Chapman, knocking him out into the street. Now outside he ran through the narrow alleyway between the

tents. Now there was yelling and shouting, and there was this terrible pounding and the screaming of his head and onetwothreeonetwothreeonetwothree faster and faster and faster.

Doors were opening and lights fell on him as he ran one way and then the other. He bumped into something and fell and was up again, running. And everywhere there were faces and lights and hands reaching out for him. And two arms came from nowhere and he swerved out of the way and crashed into a wall. And before he could get up he was jerked roughly to his feet, and he struggled and screamed: "I didn't do anything! Lemme get Lemme go!"

"What the hell's the matter?"

"I don't know."

"He's off his nut."

"Take him into the latrine."

"Somebody better call the hospital."

They pulled the struggling, screaming Rivoni into the latrine. They propped him up against a washbasin because Rivoni could hardly stand, he was shaking so much. His face was pale and sickly. His black eyes were bright with fear and his nostrils were wide and much whiter than the rest of his face.

"Rivoni! What's the matter, Rivoni!"

This was Pete Steidel, but Jess Rivoni did not recognize voices now. He was screaming: "I didn't do anything! I didn't do anything! Lemme get Lemme go!"

Someone said, "Chapman caught him stealing money from his locker." And as this was said Jess Rivoni stiffened and the screams died in his throat. Those watching his face spun around and something in the way Milt Chapman stood made them move aside.

Suddenly it was so still in the latrine you could hear Chapman's rubber heels moving across the stone floor. You could hear Rivoni's heavy breathing. You could hear his body move back as Chapman brought the palm of his hand flush against Rivoni's cheek. The sound of impact was like two boards being smacked together. No one saw what followed. Not even Milt Chapman, who suddenly stepped back, holding his upper forearm where the shirt was slit and blood was already flowing.

Rivoni was crouched over, his eyes bloodshot and dancing, a knife in his right hand.

"I'll kill you," Rivoni blurted. "I'll kill you."

There was not another sound in the latrine. Yet the very silence seemed deafening. Rivoni backed up, crouching, watching, his eyes crazy. Chap-

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man followed slowly, carefully, one hand covering his bloody forearm.

"I'll kill you," Rivoni said. "I'll kill you."

Rivoni backed up into one corner of the latrine. He kept motioning with the knife. Chapman followed him into the corner. The others followed Chapman.

Rivoni was now over by the toilet bowls. He swept the knife through the air as Chapman moved closer, carefully, slowly. Suddenly Chapman kicked. His foot caught Rivoni's knife hand and sent the knife flying across the latrine.

Rivoni let out a scream and lunged into Chapman, but Chapman clutched Rivoni by his shirt and slammed him against the wall. Rivoni rebounded and it seemed that Chapman's fist went right through Rivoni's face as it landed. Rivoni slammed back into the wall and dropped to the stone floor.

The others did not move.

They did not speak.

They watched.

They propped Rivoni up in a chair in the orderly room. He could not sit without someone holding him. His battered chin lay on his chest, his arms between his knees. He felt no pain, just a dullness all over.

There was a steady ringing in his ears. He could hear voices talking, but he did not know what they were saying. The sounds seemed very far away.

In his mind there was something about how rotten he used to feel when he had to get up in the morning and how cold it had been in the tents during the winter and how, when he had to get out of bed to go to the latrine, it was so cold he just opened the door and did it outside.

Now he heard a brisk voice come into the room and say something. There were other voices, slower ones. Then the brisk voice again, and then someone shoving him back and his face turned to the light. He could not see but the light hurt his eyes. The hand went away from him and he dropped his head down on his chest again.

Now the brisk voice again.

"Don't worry, Chapman. I'll fix up the report. Don't worry about it. When he's through with the hospital he'll be a case for the guardhouse."

But Jess Rivoni did not hear. His head was buried on his chest and his arms hung between his knees, and now that crazy thing was going around in his head, that one, two, three, one, two, three. But now it was going very slow.

Very, very slow.

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## BABY DOLL DESIGNER

HILLERIE VON DYLE and her poodle (named Fifi, of course) live in a modern apartment in the hills above Hollywood's Sunset Strip. Originally from Stillwater, Okla., Hillerie moved to Los Angeles over a year ago after winning a beauty contest in Tulsa.

"My father was against my wanting to be an actress," she explained. "But he told me I could try for a while if that was really what I wanted to do."

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Twenty-year-old Hillerie is not inclined to include herself in the groups of teenagers who frequent The Strip. "In the first place, I'm too old," she told us, "And in the second place I prefer an older man who knows who he is and where he's going."

Hillierie possesses a natural sense of color and has decorated her own apartment herself. She likes bright, hot colors which set off her own raven-black hair, especially wild pinks and fuchsia which she wears however and whenever she can. ☼

Oklahoma expatriate adorns  
The Strip with her 35-22-38  
embellishments







Propriety outlaws the only word that adequately expresses the love act (p. 63) . . . folk heroes of the Old West exposed as brutal sadists (p. 38) . . . spaceman introduces new love-object to jaded Earth (p. 54) . . . an intimate look at the beds best built for lovemaking (p. 13) . . . and a frogman turns on with an island nymph in fiction by Brett Howard (p. 66)



The background of the image is a close-up of a woman's face with dark, curly hair, looking slightly to the side with a soft smile. A large, vibrant red heart is positioned behind her head. A thin black line, resembling a film strip or a string, runs diagonally across the frame from the top left towards the bottom right. In the center of the image, the word "VINTAGE" is written in a stylized, blocky font where each letter is contained within a black diamond shape. Below this, the words "Girlie Scans" are written in a cursive, script font. To the left of the main text, there is a small circular inset with a teal background, showing a smaller version of the woman's face in a similar pose.

VINTAGE

*Girlie Scans*